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Who Lost the Election?

AN EDITORIAL

Fifth Anniversary

"But the prophets and the critics have been confounded . . ."

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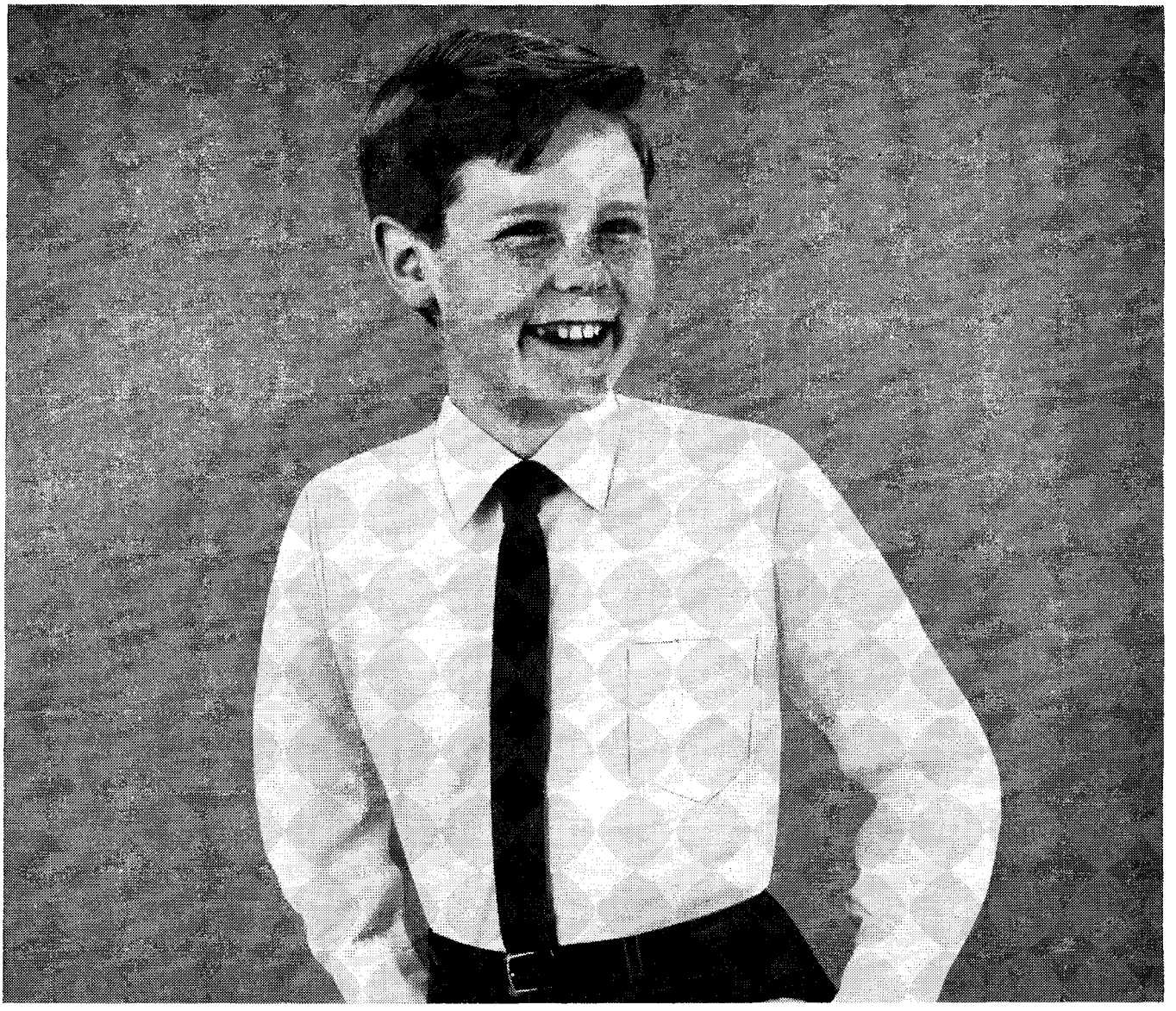

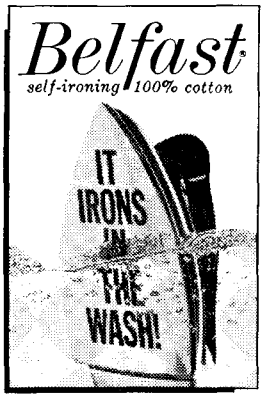

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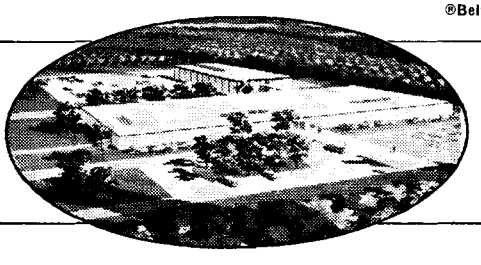

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In This Issue . . .

➔ we cannot adequately comment on the national election because all but four pages of the magazine were locked up before the returns came in. In the stillness, we take the occasion to fiddle, and so feature—in addition to our Fall Book Section—a few pages of froth, commemorating the Fifth Anniversary of NATIONAL REVIEW. This was formally celebrated at a resplendent dinner at the Plaza Hotel in New York on the 27th of October, attended by almost a thousand persons. The dinner was given by friends of the magazine, in its honor; and Admiral **Lewis Strauss,** whose address is published on page 309, presided over it. . . . Congratulatory telegrams were received from dozens of wellwishers, including one of our two living ex-Presidents (the one who, having voted Republican, will, we have it on the authority of the other, go to hell), and leading senators and congressmen. Following three pages of photographs, of the speakers and whatever principals caught the photographer's eye, is an Ode by **James Jackson Kilpatrick,** delivered, as he insists on putting it, with "both pomp *and* elegance" at the affair. The other nine (!) speeches are also reprinted, each one having first been cut down to forty words. . . . An intimate history of NATIONAL REVIEW's *first* five years is written, resignedly, by Managing Editor **Priscilla Buckley**. . . . It was a grand affair. Will you give us another one in 1965?

➔ The lead review in the Book Section is by Professor **Will Herberg** of Drew University, the distinguished Jewish theologian, author of *Catholic, Protestant and Jew* and other books, a renowned lecturer noted for his wide knowledge, his spirit, and his fair-mindedness. He finds a great deal to praise in Professor Clinton Rossiter's newest new book, *Marxism: The View from America,* an important contribution to the knowledge of Marx written by a man who, unlike the reviewer, never felt Marx's lure. . . . **Joan Didion** reviews novels by Anthony Powell and James Purdy and makes, as usual, a clutch of literary obiter dicta. . . . **Sir Shane Leslie,** NATIONAL REVIEW's own window on English social history since the turn of events, reviews appreciatively Randolph Churchill's biography of the fabulous Lord Derby. . . . **Hugh Kenner,** NR's poetry editor, and chairman of the Department of English at the University of California at Santa Barbara, reviews the recent works of three poets. Ezra Pound has written new Cantos. Louis Zukofsky's work-in-progress "*A*" continues. And a quarto by Jonathan Williams is just out. . . . **Robert Y. Drake Jr.** goes after the Freudianizers and ideologizers of *Huckleberry Finn.* A future issue will carry a further word on Huck by **Max Eastman**➔

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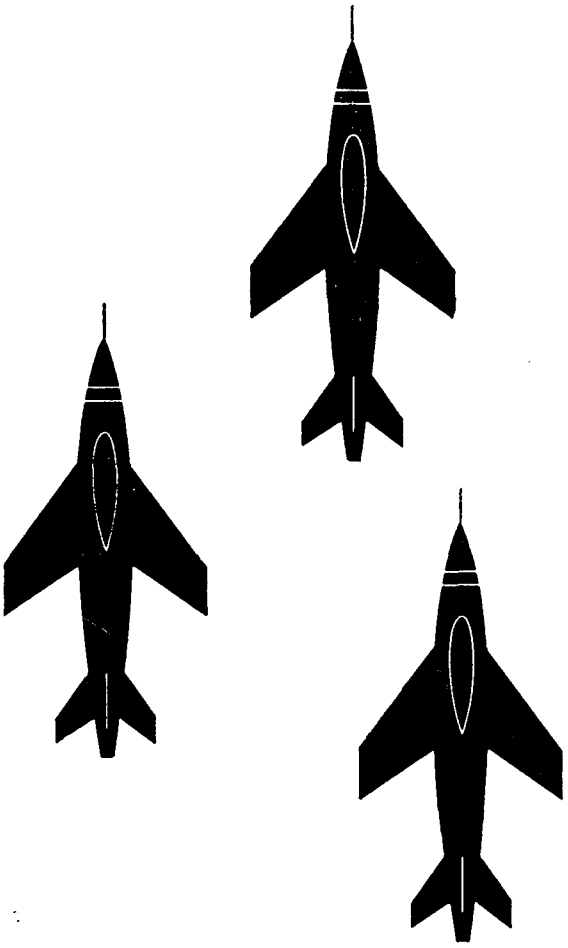

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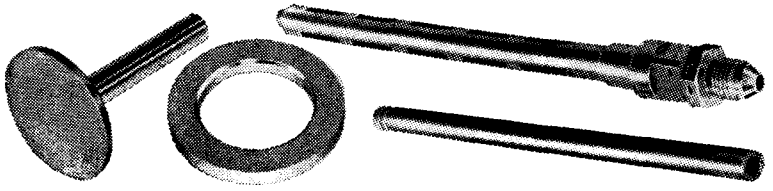

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The WEEK

● Last Wednesday the shelves of French bookstores blossomed out with scores of the brightly jacketed new Plon publication *Le Président Kennedy— Nouvelle Vague à la Maison Blanche?* ("President Kennedy—New Wave in the White House?"). Publisher Plon was playing a sure thing. Back in the storeroom, each bookseller had a pile of the companion biography (same publisher, same author—*Le Figaro's* brilliant American correspondent, Nicolas Chatelaine): *Le Président Nixon—Nouvelle Vague,* etc.—the first book in history to be remaindered before going on sale.

● A number of citizens are terribly pleased, and about the same number gravely alarmed, because they think that Mr. Kennedy is going to name that First Citizen of the World, Adlai Stevenson, as his Secretary of State. We have a hunch he won't. The Kennedys are not a forgetting family, and it's unlikely that President-elect Kennedy will fail to remember that Stevenson fought him, rather nastily, to the end in Los Angeles; that First Citizeness Eleanor Roosevelt gave her two and a half New York delegate votes (we never did get the name of that half-vote) to Stevenson while her worst enemy in the state, Carmine De Sapio, was handing Kennedy 103; and that a sizable portion of Kennedy's indispensable Eastern pluralities over Nixon last Tuesday was made up of Irish Catholics, many of whom had twice voted for Eisenhower over Stevenson. President Kennedy, we imagine, whomever he names as his Secretary of State, is going—for better or worse—to be his own Foreign Minister.

● 1) In the UN the Afro-Asian bloc has asked the Assembly to recommend negotiations between France and Algeria, in view of Algeria's right to self-determination; but France opposes this on the ground that Algeria is a part of metropolitan France. 2) The Afro-Asian bloc opposes the recent grant of independence to Mauritania on the ground that Mauritania is properly a part of Morocco. 3) The Afro-Asian bloc opposes self-determination for Katanga on the ground that it is part of the Congo. "Self-determination," therefore, in the Afro-Asian dialect, means the right of anti-Western regions to gain independence and a vote in the UN, and the duty of pro-Western regions to stay as they are.

● When the General Electric strike was settled to the benefit of company, shareholders, employees and customers, Mr. James Carey, boss of IUE, was not the only victim. Also defeated was the assumption that American workers are identical with union bosses on distant thrones who refer to their union as "me." Another late straw in the wind: on November 2 the employees in United Aircraft's Sikorsky Division at Stratford, Conn., voted 2,557 to 2,192, to reject Walter Reuther's UAW as their bargaining agent. An insurgent group, the Independent Aircraft Guild, now has 1,000 members and hopes by the end of the year to have the 2,500 needed to win recognition. The Guild feels that the UAW provoked an unpopular strike last summer, mishandled it, fostered ill will, and drained off local union dues to support national union activities. The Guild wants not to defeat business enterprise but to encourage it. It hopes to apply its monthly dues ($1.00 as against the UAW's $5.00) to development of local industry in Bridgeport and Stratford. Mr. Kenneth Bagnell, temporary chairman of the Guild, says, "We intend to build helicopters, not ill will." Beware, beware, Messrs. Hoffa, Reuther, Carey, McDonald, Bridges —for your slaves are rattling their chains!

● The Christian Democrats took the prize (just over 40 per cent of the total vote) in last week's Italian municipal elections, but the real victor was the Communist Party. Resisting considerable pressure by the Catholic clergy, Togliatti's Communists scored their first important gain since the Hungarian revolution, polling 4.4 per cent more of the total vote than they did in the spring of 1956, when they ran in tandem with the left-wing Nenni Socialists. The Communist gains were at the expense of the smaller parties of the center and Right—except for the neo-fascists, who registered a sizable percentage jump. While the municipal elections do not directly affect the lineup in the Italian Parliament, the strong Communist showing is expected to make more attractive that "opening to the Left" toward which Premier Amintore Fanfani has long inclined.

● The other night we had a bad time dreaming. It started out with an attempt to figure out a way of taking Bolivia as a personal tax deduction because, after all, the $26 million in foreign aid per annum which goes to that particular "dependent" of ours must constitute about half the trigger-happy little nation's income; and we as a taxpayer fork up our share of it, don't we? Just as we were working it into our income tax form and turning to the possibility of a deduction for Monaco (we paid for some of Grace Kelly's education, didn't we?) our dream skittered off on a different tangent. We found ourselves trying to add Bolivian aid into somebody's Gross National Product, but we couldn't decide whether it was Bolivian GNP (as income received) or U.S. GNP (as dollars sent abroad come home).

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At this point Lord Keynes came bouncing off a cloud, trying to explain the exact place of the Propensity to Consume in one of his equations from the differential calculus.

● In a special session the legislature of Louisiana has passed twenty-nine bills aimed at interposing the power of the state between its citizens and the federal government, when the state believes this is called for on constitutional grounds. The subject at hand was school integration, and the bills provide, with suitable penalties, for denying accreditation to integrated schools, denying them free textbooks, suspending their school boards, and denying promotion and graduation to students of integrated schools. This action brings Louisiana law into direct opposition to the Federal Court ruling in New Orleans parish, with the result that a New Orleans school official who integrates will go to a Louisiana jail and, if he doesn't integrate, he'll go to a federal jail. Earl Warren's Court must be saying, at this point, "Well, back to the drawing board!"

● Census figures show a steep rise in the number of pupils attending private schools. The enrollment nationally has risen from about 3.8 million in 1952 to about 5 million in 1958, a gain of 32 per cent. Concern over the quality of public education is the presumed cause for most of the increase. In the South, however, the gain has been even more pronounced—probably because of fears of integration in the public schools. Private school enrollment there has jumped from 314,000 in 1952 to 460,000 in 1958, a rise of 46 per cent.

● When a housing developer announced plans to level sixty acres of virgin woodland near Bedford Hills, New York, local residents banded together and bought the land. Seven years have gone by and the holdings have been extended so that now, within forty miles of New York City, you can wander through hemlock forests and mountain gorges and along rocky streams for several hours without encountering a sign of civilization, other than an occasional trail guidepost. Admission is free and the rules few: no dogs, guns, axes, traps or matches. Also banned by the Mianus Gorge Natural Area Association: any appeal to government—local, state or federal—for funds.

● Reuters reports the tragic consequences of a minor automobile accident near Avignon, France. The six occupants of the two cars leaped out and were engaged in a furious quarrel when a third car, barrelling down the highway, hit all six. Brings to mind what's going on in the Congo, and you-know-who is at the wheel of car number three.

Who Lost the Election?

The stars are not so fixed in their course as a printshop in its inexorable ways. The stern rule of our compositors has left us, for these last moments of the painful countdown, while the final three dozen Illinois precincts are still being rechecked by those sturdy downstate farmers, with too small a number of inches for comment adequate and proper to the complexity of the occasion. Well, in the four years ahead we shall return, again and again. In this particular space, we sketch one or two preliminary observations.

1. The Outcome

Richard Nixon chose to fight his campaign as a practical politician, a technician. This was presaged by his handling of the nominating convention, and was made clearer each week of the campaign itself. The first television debate fixed the pattern: not once but half a dozen times Mr. Nixon assured Senator Kennedy, and through him the TV audience—that is, the voters—that they shared the same goals, sought the same things, differed not on ends but, in some degree, on method. This was equivalent to saying that there were no deep issues at stake, that the decision would be reached by the electorate on the basis, 1) of the voters' estimate of the candidates' personal qualifications, and 2) the candidates' respective organizational tactics and skill in exploiting the electoral process.

Whenever an issue raised a sharp point, Mr. Nixon was concerned only to blunt it: on Cuba, nuclear tests, Kennedy's dollar-destroying fiscal proposals, Congo, UN, world court, whatever. And he never pulled into the light those issues—like the labor problem— that were resting just below the surface.

Now purely technical, practical politics is sometimes justified, even for a candidate who is himself a man of profound principle. It is the necessary aim of candidates, in elections, to get elected, and sometimes this is best assured by a careful smothering of issues for the duration. But though such a kind of practical politics is sometimes justified, it is justified by one fact only: by success. Nothing else can justify it, because if the technician is defeated, he leaves nothing behind: he has failed to educate the electorate, failed to build up a body of informed citizens that remains a force of enlightenment, responsibility, and promise for the future, whoever wins at the polls.

That is why Mr. Nixon's defeat, though by so minute a mathematical margin, is nevertheless total.

2. The Forces

It is always unwise to generalize glibly about the forces at work in American politics, for these are of a bewildering variety beyond that of any other

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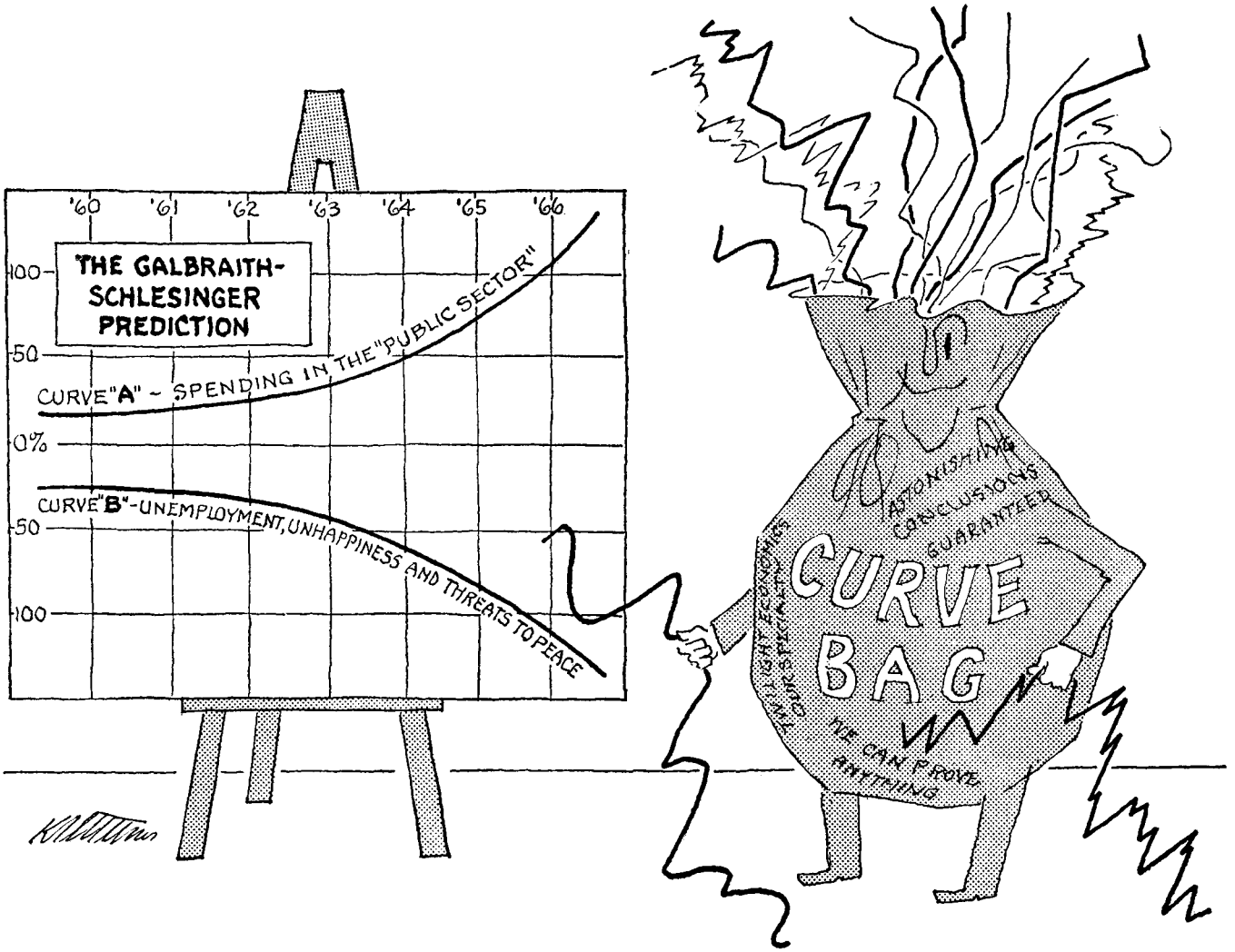
nation. Still, with due allowance, and reserve for later more searching analysis, the basic opposition seems to have been that of the urban masses versus the more individuated citizens of the rural areas and the smaller towns. In general, this opposition is correlated with ethnic lines which in recent decades have been shown to be significant factors in deciding American elections, both state and national.

The voters of the farms and small towns are many of them from the older ethnic stocks—English, Scottish, German—that first peopled this country; the urban masses, from the relatively newer—Irish (the oldest of the newer, but with a special place because Mr. Kennedy was one of them), Italian, East European, Puerto Rican; plus, very importantly, the displaced Negroes who with the Puerto Ricans are the newest arrivals. The urban masses saw, or rather felt, Jack Kennedy, with an Irish shanty not too far in his past for all his millions, as more nearly their man and their champion. And candidate Kennedy, with consistent demagogy, flattered and cozened these masses of the cities, who swung the decisive votes of the most populous states.

Religion, too, played its significant role, not as in 1928 but this time both ways. The results seem to have confirmed the many polls that showed a heavy shift among Catholics to the Catholic Kennedy, and among Protestants—especially of the more evangelical sects—against him. But it is hard to separate the religious from the social factors; the evangelical Protestants are numerous in the rural and small town areas, the Catholics in the big cities, especially of the East. And it is notable that the Negroes (mostly Protestant) and the Jews, who are so prominent in the urban mass, were apparently more all-out for Kennedy than the city Catholics.

3. *The Outlook*

Khrushchev's cable of congratulations, with its hope for a return to the golden days of Franklin Roosevelt, sums up the estimate of the elections by Europeans, who, because of their lack of direct involvement, may



"To those who ask how we know Curve 'B' will go down when Curve 'A' goes up, we say that Pessimism is not an ingredient considered essential to the charting of New Frontiers."

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be better situated at the moment than Americans to judge objectively. That is, a Kennedy Administration must be expected to move in Khrushchev's direction, toward appeasement abroad and statism at home. How fast and how far in that direction? That cannot be said in advance nor is it wholly determined. The tiny margin of victory is fortunate here, for no one can claim that President Kennedy will act from "the overwhelming mandate" of the nation; and Mr. Kennedy is himself quite probably sensible enough to realize that this absence of a sweeping mandate, as well as the presence in his majority of a good many tough anti-Communists, dictates more prudence than his personal brashness—and particularly the ideological fancies of some of his advisers—would suggest.

And the conservatives, who had only an indirect and problematic direct stake in this election, are by no means bereft, through it, of all chance of influence. Most of the states that had clear conservative leadership stood firm. Arizona returned a Republican majority about as large as for Eisenhower in 1956, in spite of the big reversal of the national balance. Four of the most uncompromising conservatives—Bridges, Schoeppel, Mundt and Curtis—won re-elections that establish them in the top echelon of the Senate for the next six years. In the South, the conservatives, Democratic and Republican alike, kept their ranks, increased on the whole their leverage, and hold most of their positions of power in their communities and in Washington.

Winning elections, as we periodically repeat, is not the primary business of conservatives, even for the sake of practical influence; nor is losing them the ultimate defeat. Among the lessons of this election—and we shall do our share in trying to grasp and learn these—it may be that this one, so hard for so impatient a people as Americans to admit, will in the longer run prove the most valuable.

Skid Row Path

As the gold outflow continues, amidst warnings dire from some observers and reassurances tranquil from others—accompanied by official denials of any intent to devalue the dollar, which denials are priced at a discount in the London gold market—the Administration appears to be taking steps to protect our gold supply. The trouble is, they're the wrong steps.

Treasury Secretary Anderson and Under Secretary of State Dillon will meet with Chancellor Adenauer to urge him to increase Germany's foreign aid program, thus relieving us of some of our burden. The attempt has failed before, but this time may have a small measure of success. We are prepared to threaten Adenauer with 1) the reduction of our troops in West Germany, 2) the reduction of non-military spending in West Germany, and 3) a raised tariff wall. On another front, the Administration is considering bringing home all the dependents of military forces overseas.

True, these steps, if taken, would temporarily slacken the gold outflow. But they would not reverse the direction of our economy, a direction set by our underlying economic policies. When labor unions exact uneconomic wage rates, when corporations cannot lay up depreciation reserves sufficient to modernize their equipment, when we tax corporate profits at 52 per cent and individual earnings as high as 90 per cent, when we squander our resources supporting surplus farm production—when we do these things and promise to go even further in the same direction, our ability to compete in world markets and earn enough to pay for our foreign giveaway programs will continue to decline. The answer isn't to ask our friends to bail us out; for in another year we shall only have to ask them all over again. The answer is to earn our way, or let down our spending.

We are like the alcoholic who destroys his earning power but continues on the sauce. He doesn't stop drinking; he just buys cheaper booze. He then tries panhandling. And at each step he's getting deeper into Skid Row, not back to Main Street.

Now You See Him . . .

Not long ago a man wrote a letter to the *New York Herald Tribune* complaining of the ill treatment Khrushchev had suffered in New York, pleading for U. S. recognition of Khrushchev's struggle for peace, and accusing the U. S. press of suspicion and distortion in handling Khrushchev's statements. The letter was signed "Cyrus Eaton, Chairman of the Board, Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company."

Another man, believing corporate officials should use their titles only when conducting corporate business, wrote a letter of protest to Mr. Eaton and to Mr. Tuohy, the President of C. & O.

One of Mr. Eaton's lieutenants answered by saying he saw nothing wrong in identifying Mr. Eaton's views as those of the Chairman of the Board of the C. & O., that he didn't know whether Mr. Eaton's views matched those of the stockholders, and that he didn't think Mr. Eaton was attempting to speak for the stockholders. Furthermore, he said he thought Mr. Eaton's efforts to foster peace should be praised.

Mr. Tuohy answered by pleading for Mr. Eaton's right to speak his thoughts as a private citizen, and stated that Mr. Eaton did not and would not undertake to express the views of the C. & O.

From all of which we gather that the Chairman of the Board of the C. & O., acting as the Chairman of

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Nuclear Woes and Unclear Prose

Head for the hills, boys! The Fund for the Republic has got hold of the atom bomb! And if its opening shot is typical, we're in for another Wilderness Campaign. (Remember what they did with civil rights!)

The opening shot, a leaflet called "Community of Fear" issued by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions (now the Fund's main caper), carries a hysterical introduction by that old military strategist Reinhold Niebuhr and goes on in the scrannel prose of Harrison Brown (geochemist) and James Real (free lance) to make the following points:

A saturation attack would kill fifty million of us . . . the military is in collusion with weapons makers and scientists . . . the military lobby is the strongest in Washington . . . the military are acquiring political power . . . our economy depends upon the military budget.

Despite the fact that every one of these assertions appears in the works of C. Wright Mills (*The Power Elite*, 1956, and *The Causes of World War Three*, 1958), the report carelessly and proudly mentions that this is the first such study ever made of the possibilities of nuclear war.

We could forgive the Fund its vanity in claiming a scoop if it had had the wit to copy a source more reliable than a left-wing mythologist. How about this idea that our whole economy depends on the military budget? Our defense budget now stands at about $40 billion, roughly 8 per cent of our gross national product of $500 billion. In 1945 the defense budget was $90 billion in a gross national product of $214 billion—roughly 42 per cent. We certainly survived the reduction of that 42 per cent defense budget. Why couldn't we cut the 8 per cent defense budget now?

Hysteria leads to confusion and contradiction. What will happen if the arms race continues? On page 36 we read, "We have also seen that if the arms race continues at its present pace, the probability of war is very high." However, on page 40 we read the opposite conclusion: "If the arms race continues and if man survives that race [could the race continue if man didn't?], it will eventually end as a grotesque stalemate involving weapons of such enormous destructiveness that they simply cannot be used—nor can their use be effectively threatened."

The smog is just as thick over the question of the value of nuclear disarmament. On page 30 we read, "In this connection, we should recognize the likelihood that *any* future war that is of appreciable size will involve the use of nuclear weapons at some stage, no matter what disarmament controls have been in existence prior to the outbreak of the war." However, despite the postulated uselessness of disarmament agreements, the authors make their obeisance to the current party line on the very next page: "It would appear to be obvious that major steps must be taken aimed at eliminating the retaliatory systems and bringing the arms race under control." To us, on the basis of our own convictions and on the basis of the authors' statement on page 30, this would definitely *not* "appear to be obvious." But perhaps the authors have a consistent idea of Soviet missile strength? No such luck. On page 17 they tell us that the Soviets today, with present missiles, could destroy all of our air bases and "certain other military installations" all over the world. But on page 20 they say it will be several years before the Soviets have the delivery system necessary to launch a large-scale attack against us.

So the arms race leads to stalemate, and the arms race leads to war. Today the Russians can destroy us, and they won't be able to destroy us for years. Disarmament agreements will not work, and we must "obviously" work for disarmament agreements. What's going on here?

Liberal rhetoric, is what. The absence of fixed standards. The Liberals are not willing to take the position of the Quakers and abjure the use of all weapons: they only want to lay down our nuclear weapons. They will not take the position of the Western world since the time of Christ and say that liberty is worth dying for; they simply want to die in some way other than atomically. They will not accept the ultimate conclusion of their argument, that physical survival of the species is more important than the enslavement of the species. Adrift in a sea of assumptions, too distraught to follow their ideas to the home port, they wash back and forth between fiction and contradiction—and, with their wonted self-conceit, call their hodgepodge a "contribution to the discussion." It is not by chance that Reinhold Niebuhr praises the authors for not coming to any conclusions. The Liberals hate conclusions, for they smack of truth—and that's not open-minded, don't you know.

In a final seizure of hysteria the authors paint a fuliginous picture of the entire United States living in holes in the ground—holes getting deeper and deeper as the stalemate (or is it a disaster?) of the arms race continues. Actually this is not a bad idea: a hole in the ground might be the best protection against the fallout from the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

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the Board, has never made the statements that Mr. Eaton is on record as having made. We also gather that Mr. Eaton feels free to use the title of his office to attract attention to himself but refuses to accept the responsibility of that office to act in behalf of the entire corporation. It is the distinction between forbidding a policeman to drink while on duty but allowing him to do as he pleases when he's out of uniform.

If this distinction can be comprehended by thousands of New York policemen, but escapes the grasp of Mr. Eaton's lofty mind, what are we to think of his ability to judge the complex affairs of nations?

The UN vs. the Congo

In June, the Congo became independent, for which those who believe the Congo should be independent have Belgium to thank; those who do not have Belgium to blame. In July, the Congo, having been turned over to the Congolese, was the place to go if you wanted to be robbed, tortured, or raped. In August the United Nations moved in to try to stop the carnage, which subsequently lessened—whether because the presence of UN troops imposed order, or because the appetite for blood and lust was temporarily jaded, has never been altogether clear.

In September, peace having been precariously restored, the President of the Republic, Mr. Kasavubu, a somewhat lazy but intermittently responsible Congolese, woke up to the fact that the Congo was being colonized by Russian and Czech Communists whose instrument was Premier Patrice Lumumba; whom Kasavubu accordingly dismissed. But Lumumba declined to step down and so Colonel Mobutu, the chief of staff, simply arrested him. Indian Colonel Rajeshwar Dayal, representative of Dag Hammarskjold and commander of the United Nations forces, could not find anything in the rule-book providing for the dispossession of Patrice Lumumba, and took to fretting. Meanwhile, during October, many of the Belgians who had left the Congo during the reign of terror began to drift back to their old jobs and responsibilities, and the Congolese economy slowly, painfully, began to turn, after the long and bloody interlude.

This was too much for Rajeshwar Dayal. Last week he filed an intemperate report with the United Nations charging that the detention of Lumumba was illegal and the return of the Belgians an attempt by Belgium to recolonize the Congo. It apparently made no visible difference to this opaque little bureaucrat that a) Lumumba, the servant of Communism, has been the principal agent of disorder, and that there is therefore a correlation between the stability of Congo life and Lumumba's non-participation in it; b) the parliamentary niceties which so occupy him are not a matter of principal concern during emergencies, and if this is *not* an emergency, what in the name of heaven is this Indian doing in the Congo with an army of Guineans and Ghanians and other janissaries of Oneworld? and c) if he will preoccupy himself with the legal situation, he should get out of the Congo because one of the last official announcements of Mr. Lumumba was a demand that the UN troops get out—immediately; and finally, d) if in fact the government of Belgium is set on recolonizing the Congo (which it is not), nothing would serve better the best interests of 1) the world; 2) the Congolese; and 3) the United Nations.

We are glad that this act of partisan and legalistic idiocy strained the patience even of the United States State Department, which explicitly rejected some of its grosser implications. But the report has strengthened Lumumba's hand and, correspondingly, reduced the power and prestige of Kasavubu and Mobutu. And it has been hailed throughout the Communist and neutralist world, as anything will be hailed that strengthens the relative power position of world Communism. We have not yet read any comment on this chaos-breeding report from those of our fellow-citizens who have been so prompt to cheer and cheer the role of the United Nations in the Congo.

In a final effort to stem the UN's Lumumba-lifting tide, President Kasavubu has come to New York in person to present his claim—now backed by agreement with Katanga's pro-Western leader, Moise Tshombe—to recognition as Congo's representative, with the right to take Congo's Assembly seat, so far left vacant by the Assembly's inability to make up its collective mind. The UN is thus offered one more chance to show whether it is possible for it to muster a majority for common sense and the principles that its Charter ostensibly stands for.

Ward Bond, R.I.P.

The gruff, raucous voice of the head man of the "Wagon Train" was suddenly stilled in Dallas last week, and millions of Americans are mourning the passing of one of their beloved actors, Ward Bond.

To those of us who were Ward's close friends, there is a double loss, because we knew him also as one of the gallant fighters for freedom and against Communism. To him—as to us—this was Armageddon, and he knew no peace could be negotiated and no coexistence was possible.

Ward Bond could be surprisingly merciful to the man who recanted, as many an ex-Red in Hollywood can testify. But, while the fight was on, he asked for no quarter and gave none. We have seen him leap to

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the phone and demand of a studio head why he had hired, in repudiation of a solemn pledge, a known Communist; and we have heard him in that same gruff voice and in saltier language than the movies and TV permit, cut the giant head of a corporation—often the man who employed him—down to pygmy size as Ward asked him why he valued the American dollar so much more than he did America.

The Red Dean of Canterbury once said he believed that Stalin had gone to Heaven. We can't claim to be sufficiently in St. Peter's confidence to check the Red Dean's guess. But if Stalin is there, he'd better start flying for the farthest clouds before Ward Bond starts gunning for him. M. RYSKIND

From Our Social Correspondent

Jack Kennedy, a nice serious young Catholic boy, and one who would have made a capital prom chairman or student board president, has, in the Year of Our Lord 1960, been elected President of the United States. In his hour of triumph he edged Dick Nixon, a nice serious young Quaker boy, and one who would have made a first-rate cow college YMCA leader or traveling secretary for a B-grade fraternity. Dick conceded and cut out for Tijuana, a destination that came as a surprise since the Vice President is not really the border town type. Quite as incongruous as Nixon's sojourn in Baja California was the Kennedy pilgrimage to Faneuil Hall. The Irish Brahmin was (except for a clutch of cameramen and a passel of press agents) alone with his thoughts and the shades of a few Adamses, Winthrops and Lowells. Schlesinger the younger and Walt Whitman Rostow, the Castor and Pollux of Liberaldom, must have primed him for this one. They better watch out though, or their boy will be making the scene at Waltz Evenings at the Copley. Uppity.

While Jack was mixing equal parts of FDR, Prince Hal and Tab Hunter, there were some amusing sidelights to the election. Up until 2 p.m. the day after the election the Trotskyite candidate for President had still refused to concede. There was a run on old Goldwater buttons. A lady out walking her dog and observing a sign that predicted "The Kennedys Are Coming," commented, "My God, lace curtains in the White House." In the midst of all this nonsense, Max Lerner solemnly noted that, with the Kennedy ascension, America had come of age. Walter Lippmann, in his dotage, called the winner "notably free of sloganeering." (Jack Kennedy is about as free of slogans as BBD & O.)

The election was a sign of the times, the utter triumph of the mediocre. The Organization Man has finally come into his own. This observer voted in the Squadron A Armory in the pervasive stable atmosphere that was the day's best comment upon this alleged election. Out in California, naturally, a Mexican lady stabbed her husband for tuning in his TV set on Senator Jack when she wanted to watch Lawrence Welk. No decent jury will ever convict her. NEP JR.

For the Record

No election casualties among members of House Rules Committee, prime target of Liberals. Ditto for the House Committee on Un-American Activities. There's one vacancy on each, however, for Sam Rayburn, with President Kennedy over his shoulder, to fill. . . . Democrat Kennedy and Republican Case both won in New Jersey. Local observers explain: 1) Suburban GOP voters stayed at home; 2) Labor bosses passed the word for Kennedy-and-Case. . . . Three conservatives loom as possible candidates for now-vacant Texas senatorial seat: former Governor Allan Shivers, Democrat Jack Cox, and Republican John Towers, who put up stout fight against much-better-known Johnson. . . . Senator Styles Bridges (N.H.) won fifth term by largest majority ever given him, says "we won because we waged a vigorous campaign. We did not namby-pamby the opposition." . . . Representative Stuyvesant Wainwright (N.Y.), first Rockefeller-for-President booster last fall, defeated for re-election.

Trade union leader Frank Cousins, Britain's most influential advocate of unilateral disarmament, has a son working in an H-bomb plant. . . . Jacques Soustelle, leading advocate of a French Algeria, will be in New York when the Algerian dispute is brought before the UN later this month. . . . U.S. Intelligence believes Red China will soon have a nuclear bomb, assembled in China with the help of Russian components and technicians. . . . Diplomats are making bets on the upcoming contest between Congo's anti-Lumumba President Kasavubu and UN's pro-Lumumba Rajeshwar Dayal, supported by Guinea, Ghana and six other Asian and African nations. Outcome may determine whether the Soviet gets control of the Congo, added seats in the UN, and another seat on the World Court. . . . Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has received evidence which would explain why our Caribbean desk in the State Department promoted Castro to power despite evidence that he, Raúl, and Che Guevara were advance Communist agents.

Our sources say there's no basis to the rumor that Joe Kennedy is buying gold on the London market with his dollars.

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National Trends

The Intimidation of Richard Nixon

L. BRENT BOZELL

Analyses of what went wrong, even long, agonizing weeks of them, can be useful if they teach us something we didn't know before. Nixon's hairline defeat, however, is not in that category. The election was in doubt up to the last because the religious vote was in doubt up to the last. But the rest of the picture was clearly in focus, as a restatement of the two main Republican limitations shows.

The first had to do with the weakness of the party itself, with its inability to grow either in voters or in the element that creates voters—devoted organization workers. The party had been a thirty-year cripple, and the ailment was organic. Ever since 1928 the GOP, for all practical purposes, had been "out of it" on a national scale, the victories of Eisenhower being—victories of Eisenhower. The trouble, essentially, was that the party lost its nerve during the Roosevelt Revolution, and never really regained it. This intimidation was understandable in the convulsive days of the thirties when the drastic new programs and charismatic leadership of the Democratic Party shook away huge voters' blocs from their traditional Republican moorings. But after things settled down, the complex remained. Republicans were still unwilling to open any real daylight between their public position and the Democrats' for fear of being swept under again. They were, of course, swept under anyway. But after each election they were advised by the learned commentators that things would have been worse if they had shown their true colors; and they believed it.

Moreover, Republicans had an inordinate fixation, during these years, on winning the election immediately at hand. The regrouping argument always fell on deaf ears—the point that it takes time to stake out a coherent, distinctive and politically relevant party position; time to rally an organization around it; time to prepare the country for it. The courage the Republican Party most lacked was the courage to pass up an election or two, however many it might take to furnish an effective vehicle for the country's potentially-dominant conservative tendencies.

The other limitation was this year's candidate. Presidential candidates can sometimes rise far above party weaknesses for reasons that have nothing to do with issues or principles. But as a general rule, an intimidated party produces intimidated leaders. The most recent, and now most notable victim is Richard Nixon.

The intimidation of Nixon, however, is a rather special case. Nixon did not lose his nerve over issues and principles—a field in which he has always moved around easily, in front of the gentlest of winds. Nixon's toughness was a matter of method and style and instinct. His characteristic approach was to make small differences seem like large differences, and then to hammer away at his opponents in a manner fitting the Armageddon he had created.

This approach made enemies for Nixon, and while they were not nearly as numerous as they sounded (they ran the nation's communications media) they eventually broke him. They told him, in effect, that the "old Nixon" could not be regarded as Presidential timber. Nixon in due course obliged. It must be said that the columnists and commentators kept their part of the bargain; thereafter, with scattered exceptions, they treated him with respect.

With what results? It would be wrong to conclude there were *no* dividends: the size of the loser's popular vote indicates that at least some voters who had been led by the press to think of him as a pug, ended up deciding Nixon was, after all, a Presidential-type. Nor is it realistic to suppose that admirers of the old Nixon fell away from him in any great numbers. The point is that he seems to have surrendered a *potential* asset far more important than the sensitive souls he mollified by his blandness—to have surrendered his one chance of decisively breaking through party barriers and of creating a Presidential "swing vote" favorable to him.

The blunder emerges most vividly in Stewart Alsop's account of Nixon's campaign strategy which appeared a week before the election in the *Saturday Evening Post*. On Alsop's showing—under the circumstances, plainly authentic—Nixon calculated that any Republican Presidential candidate in his right mind must concentrate on the approximately 20 million voters who went to the polls in Eisenhower's triumphs, but stayed home in the off-year Democratic landslides. (A more precise target would have been the twelve or thirteen million who voted in the Eisenhower elections, but stayed home in previous Democratic *Presidential* victories.) Who were they? Not strong partisans or malcontents, Nixon said; nor, of course, the well-informed. They were "lazy" people—the readers of sports pages and comic books, the television addicts: people who couldn't care less about politics.

But having made an unexceptionable analysis of the problem, Nixon proceeded to solve it in a most curious way. He would get to the lazy fold by endless repetition of "the speech"—that now famous combination of personal reminiscences and scoutmaster homilies that puts all of the great problems of the world in little moral pockets that morons can find their way around in. That solution, as this writer kept waiting for Alsop to say, was one of history's more alarming non-sequiturs. The way to get at lazy people, obviously, is to *excite* them—as Eisenhower, in his way, had; as Kennedy, in a different way, did to a more limited portion; as the "old Nixon" might have.

We must not make the mistake, however, of confusing old Nixonism—a technique—with conservatism, a program and philosophy. Where a rambunctious campaign by Nixon might have won an election in which issues were unimportant, a conservative campaign, lacking the proper foundations, might well have lost it. It is those foundations, as this page will discuss soon, that are now conservatives' first order of business.

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Letter from the Continent

Crisis in France

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

France is in the throes of a new crisis which, while political, is not of a parliamentary character. The crisis concerns the moral and psychological leadership of General de Gaulle, whose star, so far as the French public is concerned, has entered on a sudden decline. The French economy is in good shape. French wages and salaries are the highest in Europe (with the exception of Switzerland), but a deep crisis has arisen in France's relations with the other NATO partners (a crisis admittedly of de Gaulle's making), and the Algerian problem, which de Gaulle inherited, has in no way diminished.

De Gaulle has his strengths and his weaknesses. His strength lies in the fact that he has a real program, a stern conviction, an unchangeable aim, and a sound philosophic (and religious) foundation for his duties. He is the son of a professor at the *Institut Catholique;* he is an enthusiastic army officer and, probably, the greatest living stylist in the French language. (If he were not in the Elysée, he would have a seat in the Academy.) This means that he has great difficulty in adapting his vision of France, for which he has the same mystical love as Péguy, to the realities of present-day Europe. It means that he is not flexible. He may have most of the qualities required of a statesman (though not all), but he has almost none of those required of a politician.

Most Europeans hoped, prematurely, that de Gaulle was thoroughly converted to the concept of European integration. They now realize this conversion was only skin-deep and the General continues to cling to images and patterns more national, if not nationalistic, than those now gaining popularity in other parts of Western Europe.

National loyalties all over Europe have been weakened to an extent difficult for Americans to realize. The question which remains to be answered is whether the growth of a united Europe sentiment has made sufficient progress to form a lasting psychological basis for moral and military defense. De Gaulle obviously does not think so. Everyone here realizes that mere anti-Communism is not enough, even if supplemented by the fervor of a minority of convinced and dedicated Christians. A positive attachment to a concrete political-national order is essential for survival. This conviction makes de Gaulle cling to his *mystique* of France; prompts him to make unreasonable demands and to invoke the collective national egotism of the French.

Yet, the response of the French toward this sort of language has been surprisingly weak. The people most inclined by their ideology to follow him have remained aloof. I am referring to the French Right and Extreme Right, which cannot forgive de Gaulle for having remained silent when the Communist-controlled *résistance* in 1944-47 went on a rampage of murder and mock trials. Nor can they stomach his formula of an *Algérie algérienne.* A recurring inscription in the Paris streets makes this equation: "De Gaulle = Mendès-France." In the light of the fact that de Gaulle is a great admirer of Mendès-France, this formula is by no means so far-fetched. It is difficult to pigeonhole de Gaulle in the traditional terms of Right and Left, and this keeps alive the hope that he may suddenly spring a surprise. For with all his rigidity, de Gaulle is not wholly predictable.

His weakness, however, lies elsewhere: in his inability to solve the Algerian problem. The initial enthusiasm for de Gaulle stemmed largely from the belief that he alone could solve what is probably an insoluble problem—Algeria.

In the past weeks, the French (not all of them, but at least those who have kept their sanity) have been shocked and dismayed by the solemn manifesto of intellectuals (Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Simone Signoret, etc.) urging civil disobedience. The intellectuals have the support of a considerable segment of the leftist Catholic intelligentsia.

Some of the leftist Catholics see quite clearly that the FLN has decidedly diabolic aspects; in its murderous, terroristic forays it kills indiscriminately men, women and children; Christians, Jews and Moslems; Francophiles and fellow Algerian Nationalists. The Catholic Leftists admit that the FLN's type of warfare is so cruel, the French Army is practically forced to retaliate in a similar way. But this group insists that, as a body representing Christian values, the French Army cannot be permitted to sink to a level of bestiality. In other words: as a *Christian* power France is already morally licked and therefore has to quit Algeria, surrendering meekly to the Satanic forces, because in certain situations the Christian cannot compete and has to withdraw.

All this, from a purely ethical point of view, looks quite simple and convincing, were it not for the fact that France has *moral* obligations not only toward the *colons*—one and a quarter million Europeans could conceivably be resettled in France—but also toward *at least* three million Moslems who, if left to the tender mercies of Ferhat Abbas, Belkacem, and Boumedjel, would suffer death in its most fiendish forms. After a trip to Algeria earlier this year, I am convinced that the FLN represents only a small minority, but even a small minority ready to die is a political reality one has to reckon with.

What will be the final outcome of the present crisis of disappointment and frustration? What is there beyond de Gaulle? Like most political generals, once firmly in the saddle, de Gaulle probably considers his office a lifetime job. In this sense he does not differ from Franco or Horthy, Chiang Kai-shek or Tito. After de Gaulle, a return to the squabbles and the ineffectuality of the Fourth Republic is quite unthinkable. Nor will the increasingly bourgeois working class mount a Red revolution. There remains military dictatorship pure and simple. Whatever happens in France will hardly mean "more democracy," and thus is unlikely to evoke the enthusiasm of the American public.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Intolerance Among the Educationists

No fiercer prejudice can be found than the prejudice of the doctrinaire leveller—who, nowadays, generally prates of how he abhors intolerance.

Last November 28, for instance, there was sent to school administrators in the state of New York a Questionnaire "in Connection with a Study of the Effect of Attendance in Non-Public Schools in New York State." A covering letter was signed by William P. Anderson, Associate Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University—under the Teachers College letterhead, which is calculated to make all school administrators take notice.

"The attached questionnaire is one aspect of some research which we are undertaking here in the Department of Educational Administration," Mr. Anderson wrote. "You will see that it is an attempt to get some relevant data and to obtain some of your perceptions regarding the effect of non-public schools on securing money for public education. We are not at a stage in our research where we wish to publicize it and would appreciate your keeping this inquiry confidential."

This Teachers College questionnaire seems intended to form the opinions of school administrators, rather than to ascertain them. As with many "surveys" of the professional educationists, the questions are so phrased as to extract, if at all possible, the desired answers—or, at least, to make clear to school administrators the approved party line of the professors of pedagogy.

For the principal implication of this Questionnaire—which extends to seventeen items—is that Catholic, Protestant and Jewish schools take away money that ought to belong to state-supported schools; and that citizens and school-board members with church affiliations tend to obstruct the raising of taxes and bond-issues in support of public schools. I cite a few of the questions:

(Question 5) "What is the number of members on your Board of Education whose children attend or have attended non-public schools or who are otherwise identifiable as strong supporters of non-public education?"

(Question 12) "Assuming that a plan could be devised for providing teachers and facilities, do you believe that all students should be required to attend public elementary and secondary schools?"

(Question 13) "If a budget or bond issue has been defeated in your district, have the supporters of non-public schools been a major factor in this defeat?"

(Question 15) "Regardless of your previous responses to questions regarding your school system, do you think that the existence of non-public schools is a source of difficulty in the total effort of the profession to obtain adequate financial support for public education?"

Well! It is clear enough that the sort of democracy in favor at Teachers College is totalitarian democracy; and school administrators are expected to toe the line. Although occasionally the suppression of all church-connected schools is mentioned publicly at meetings of professional educationists, usually this propaganda against "non-public" schooling is carried on behind closed doors or in "confidential surveys." These advocates of total secularizing of the schools are nearly as hotly opposed to Protestant and Jewish foundations as to Catholic; but because the Catholic schools have by far the larger enrollments, they receive most of the educationists' abuse, in public and private.

The final inquiry in the Teachers College questionnaire is this: "Do you believe that the increasing practice of educating young people in church related schools will lead to religious group cleavages within our society that will be so strong as to result in general intolerance and unacceptance of people of different religious beliefs?"

No, Associate Professor William P. Anderson, I do not so believe. But I do believe that any society deprived of its religious convictions will become fiercely intolerant of minorities and of private opinions. And I do believe that such "cleavages"—that is, freedom of opinion—are healthier than an enforced conformity to a humorless and dogmatic latter-day positivism. Nor do I believe that the patronage network of Teachers College, Columbia, really is solicitous for religious toleration.

The grand tendency of our age is toward concentration of power. Once concentrated, any power tends to repress the slightest challenge to its supremacy. And no form of monopoly is more oppressive than intolerant control over the mind and the conscience of the rising generation.

One reason why the educationist hierarchy frets about church-connected schools nowadays is that "parochial" schools have been increasing in number, absolutely and relatively, for the past generation. This is true not only of Catholic schools, but of those controlled by Lutherans and by the Dutch Reformed and Christian Reformed denominations. In the Dutch-populated area about Grand Rapids, for instance, nearly all children went to state schools at the beginning of this century; but in 1960, about half the enrollment was in church-connected schools. Christian denominations do not enjoy spending their money on schools—and at the same time paying heavy taxes for the schooling of other people's children. They are driven to this necessity by the treatment accorded to religious questions in many public schools. In one widely-used textbook for courses in world history, for instance, only two brief paragraphs are allotted to the life of Christ; and of the Jews, it is said only that "Jesus came from a people called the Jews, who had lived in Palestine for a long while." Whether one likes the facts or not, our modern civilization is the product mostly of Jewish and Christian beliefs; and a system of public instruction which ignores the sources of our being is inimical to the life of the mind and the spirit.

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Among Ourselves

Notes on a Fifth Birthday

Being a few informal notes by a harassed managing editor on some of the travails of National Review's First Five-Year Plan.

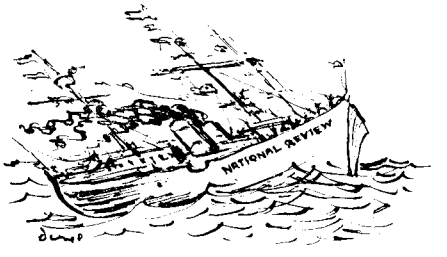
On an Indian summer day in 1955, our sleek blue and white cruiser sailed into battle, captain and crew aboard, banners flying, seacocks wide open. But *mirabile dictu* (as four out of five of the editors say at every conceivable opportunity), we are still afloat.

The talent was always on board: people like James Burnham, Jonathan Mitchell, Sue La Follette, Whittaker Chambers, Willmoore Kendall, Frank Meyer, Willi Schlamm, Bill Buckley, Brent Bozell; and on the production side, that dreadnought, Mabel Wood. But after we had been "in business" for four months, Willmoore Kendall began to develop his theory about the leaks that were threatening to submerge us. He calmly announced at lunch one day his thesis that neither the business manager, the advertising manager, nor the bookkeeper had yet discovered that we were engaged in publishing a magazine. They think, he said, we are producing shoes, and are still waiting to see them before going out to sell. Meanwhile the subscription house handling our circulation business was losing us friends faster than we'd have done if we had come out for Adam Clayton Powell Jr. for President. In those days it took a singular determination to subscribe to our little magazine. One man wrote us (by registered mail):

> I enclose the photostat of seven different letters I have sent NATIONAL REVIEW in an effort to subscribe. This is my final effort. I would like to be a reader, but as a doctor and a busy man, I am unable to devote more than two hours a day to the project.

We began to learn the hard lesson: Beware the "expert"; you can't afford him. Our expert business managers and circulation houses were losing us money and friends, and the waterline was rising. So we decided to emancipate ourselves from the professionals. (It is widely assumed that we lost as much money as we did the first year because we didn't rely on professionals. That is exactly the reverse of what happened. The moment we were freed of our pro's, expenses came down, and income went up. You have to have pro's, but in a venture like ours, you have to develop your own, not just go to the market place for them.)

So we decided to handle our own subscriptions. Bill took a quick look around the office (which was as quickly emptied of those who knew him best), and his eye lit on Jim McFadden, 25-year-old ex-newspaperman, sometime steelworker and more



recently a GI who, on getting off the boat from Germany several weeks before, had ambled into our offices on route back to Youngstown, to pay his respects; and has been here ever since. In addition to organizing the circulation department McFadden has, since that day, set up our reprint system, published books, organized rallies, designed, written and sent out promotional material, browbeat publishers, produced anti-Khrushchev stickers, reviewed books, and found the cheapest facsimile of the Declaration of Independence in the world. He is now in the phonograph recording business. NR's version of do-it-yourself is do-it-McFadden.

Not that our circulation problems are over. They tend to be now of a rather different type. Last week a priest wrote in: "I intended to renew my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW and am now doing so. Had there been any doubts in my mind they would have been dispelled by your last letter. It was addressed: 'Our Lady of the Snows.' Your letter's salutation was: DEAR MADAM. Obviously you intend to go to any ends to plead your cause; to the 'top,' if necessary."

Comings and Goings

May 1956, the first of many financial crises. The magazine had to be reduced from 32 to 24 pages and the staff cut. Other changes too . . . John Chamberlain started coming in every Friday to bat out the lead book review. He would sit down at whatever desk was vacant, type away for a couple of hours, and leave (usually to go ice skating at Rockefeller Center). So unobtrusive is John (so unlike any writer; in fact, so unlike anyone born with Original Sin) that he was taken by Reggie Horton, an assistant in the circulation department, to be a typewriter repairman, and one day she huffily asked him why he never cleaned *her* tyewriter when he came in. (A related nightmare is when at the first NATIONAL REVIEW reception in 1957 I gave the drink order for a half dozen of us to a tall handsome man in dark dress who turned out to be the chairman of the board of directors of NATIONAL REVIEW, Incorporated!)

Willmoore Kendall took off to teach for one year at Stanford University, and we were deprived of our most succinct paragraph writer • "Senator Byrd has called for reducing the budget by five billion. NATIONAL REVIEW stays and raises him five." • "Paraphrasing John L. Lewis'

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famous memo to the AFL Ethical Practices Committee—'Have you discovered any ethical practices yet?'—we are sending an inquiry to the House Committee on Legislative Oversight—'Have you failed to overlook anything yet?'" ● "The attempted assassination of Sukarno last week had all the earmarks of a CIA operation: everyone in the room was killed except Sukarno." Or when he got long-winded: ● "Oyez, oyez, oyez! Now is the time for all good men to gather together the rights with which they were endowed by their Creator, take refuge in those homes that are their castles, and bolt all the doors. The United States Supreme Court is back in session.")

Frank Meyer, our metaphysician, inherited the Book Section, which had gone through the hands of Willi Schlamm and before that Willmoore Kendall. He manages to retain both his equanimity and the Book Section by a) working when other people sleep; b) sleeping when other people work; c) living at a safe distance from New York; and d) conducting his business over the telephone. (An "emergency call" from Frank Meyer to Brent Bozell, Willmoore once commented, "is defined as one which interrupts the *regular* call from Frank Meyer to Brent Bozell.") It is reliably reported that Frank gets paid his salary, or his phone bill, whichever is higher.

Brent Bozell was half way through a book on the Warren Court when he decided to run for office in Maryland, which episode we Do Not Dwell Upon; and then helped organize the Committee for Freedom for All Peoples; and then looked into the possibilities of founding a Third Party. But he has never missed his deadline. It is "Tuesday" and sure enough, every Tuesday in comes his copy: over the telephone, at 4:15, *i.e.*, 45 minutes before the printer calls for it. Beginning at 4:15 p.m. he spurts it over the telephone (granted, he doesn't call collect) to our harassed Dorothy Harral who on Tuesday starts taking tranquilizers at noon.

James Burnham continues to stock his mind with the most incredible arcana; and one time, carried away, he started to recite Horace in Latin at an editorial lunch to show that in *Lolita,* Nabokov had plagiarized some classical rhythms.

The lively Willi Schlamm, after witnessing a particularly horrible television show and writing that he was no longer convinced this was the best of all possible worlds, took off, in 1957, to improve Europe, which he had neglected for fifteen years. He has since written the best-selling *Germany and the East-West Crisis* and, as Mr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn reported several weeks ago, has managed to stir up quite a ruckus in Germany: just as he did at NATIONAL REVIEW, only more so. . . . Whittaker Chambers joined the Board of Editors and for a while came in regularly, perched in his little cubicle, produced the heaviest concentration of tobacco smoke since the night Harding was nominated; and wrote away, some of the most memorable prose we ever published. And then his health failed him, he had to stop the trips, and he is back with his books, learning more and more and, unfortunately, writing less and less. . . . Bill Rusher, normally a level-headed and sensible young man, was persuaded by Bill Buckley to leave the safe practice of the law (he was at the time assistant counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee) to become the publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW. He claims to be happy, and certainly his presence makes us happy; but we suspect every now and then he is nostalgic for the old serenity when he had only table-pounding Fifth Amendment Communists and Drew Pearson to worry about.

Verbally Fog-Bound

Editorial criticisms centered on our being too destructive, and too difficult (too many words that belong in the zoo-section of the dictionary). We once plotted an entire editorial section to be free of a single critical reference. We slaved over it. And failed. (You try it. Rules: at least one mention of something said or done that week by Eleanor Roosevelt, Kenneth Galbraith, The *New York Times,* Hubert Humphrey, and SANE.) That was the only week NR almost failed to appear for reasons other than financial.

But the editors kept using their own vocabularies, and after a while words that once sounded strange to some ears—I think of "hubris" and "apodictic" — became commonplace. (By the time John Leonard joined the staff, fresh out of sophomore year at Harvard, we had to ration him to two "charismatics" per week.)

It was only after Bill Buckley pulled "algolagnia," a word that no editor, contributor, associate, friend or admirer of NATIONAL REVIEW could identify, that there was a near rebellion (he says it has something to do with pleasure in inflicting or suffering pain —which means to *me* that anyone who uses the word algolagnia is an algolagniac). About that time a reader sent NR to be analyzed for readability, which involved deriving the "fog index" of its writers from an analysis of the average length of their sentences and the number of syllables in each word. Whittaker Chambers and John Chamberlain, those renowed simpletons, scored 10 each. Burnham 12. Kendall 20! Willmoore was not quite certain whether he should be ashamed of the difficulty of his style, or whether he now had scientific proof that he was twice as profound as his colleagues. But he continues to defend his sentences and punctuation. One argument between Strict-Constructionist Sue La Follette and Willmoore over a semicolon was pressed intermittently for two years and is, for all we know, continuing to this day by transatlantic mail.

A Couple of Phone Calls

Nineteen fifty-eight—and yet another major financial crisis. The magazine, if it was to survive, had to become a fortnightly. We decided to publish an eight-page *Bulletin* on the weeks that NR would not appear. To sell the *Bulletin* (which is put together by the regular staff plus Ralph de Toledano and financial wizard Norvin Greene), McFadden and his enterprising counsellors on promotional matters set out in search of a slogan which could surmount the difficulty of informing our readers that while they had been getting a weekly magazine for eight dollars, now they would get a fortnightly magazine for eight dollars, and a fortnightly bulletin for an extra seven dollars. The result of that search was, until just this moment, TOP SECRET: *"You may be getting less, but remember, you're paying more!"*

(Continued on p. 326)

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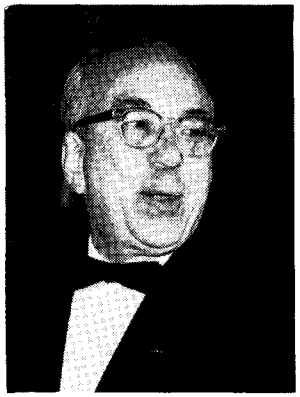

Fifth Anniversary Dinner

Hotel Plaza, October 27, 1960

'But the prophets and the critics have been confounded...'

LEWIS L. STRAUSS

THERE ARE no paper hats or snapping mottoes on our tables tonight, but this is an authentic birthday party. Five years have passed since the young men and women whom we are here to congratulate and to encourage, conceived the idea of a new journal to fill a great void in the field of editorial opinion. Liberal and left-wing organs had enjoyed an almost complete and uncontested occupation of the field for years. When the first issues of NATIONAL REVIEW appeared, they were received by many of us with the wistful welcome accorded to a precocious, but delicate child, which is to say, that the career predicted for it was exceedingly brief.

But the prophets and the critics as well have been confounded. In five years NATIONAL REVIEW has not only survived but has grown strong. In circulation, I am informed, it has outstripped every secular journal of opinion in the country, including several which I shall not advertise by naming them, but which have been published and heavily promoted for many years.

There are a variety of reasons for this. Left-wing journals are generally dull. One of the inescapable drawbacks of the Socialist dogma is that it soon becomes a crashing bore. There isn't a laugh in a carload of Marx and Engels. NATIONAL REVIEW, on the other hand, and among its other qualities, is fun to read. Indeed those of us who were among its first readers found to our delighted surprise that we were not only stimulated and informed but also entertained. Occasionally, too, we would be irritated. I shall come to that in a moment. Now, five years later, NATIONAL REVIEW retains all of its pristine sparkle. Having trained the guns of its criticism on the programs of the extreme Left, it has been branded as the voice of the extreme Right. But it is basically American and extreme only in the sense that even a proper respect for the Constitution is regarded, in some quarters, as Extremist.

The domestic policy of NATIONAL REVIEW, as I read it, calls for freedom for enterprise; advocates local self-government with little federal control or meddling; and believes that the presently unbridled powers of the unions should be curbed just as industry has been restrained. In its broader approach, the philosophy of the editors seems to me either explicitly religious or, at any rate, based upon belief in the spiritual dimensions of man. If that be Extremist, let the critics make the most of it.

I mentioned the appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW from time to time of some editorial or article which treads heavily upon a personal toe —an irritating article. This happens now and then, and there is good medicine in it for conservatives. For without realizing it, many of us demand absolute conformity by all others of conservative opinion on every point in our personal conservative catechism and we tend to write off and excommunicate every nonconformist. Let a friend who agrees with us on all truly basic principles express a doubt on just one current, and even ephemeral, issue and we consign him to outer darkness or even, if we are very angry, to the ADA. In other words, conservatives tend to set up a series of personal shibboleths, and unless others can pass our private litmus test, we say, in effect, "off with his head!" The result of this is that it keeps our ranks too thin and prevents us from mustering our real strength.

Not so with the Liberals — they tolerate the widest individual deviations on many issues and yet they demonstrate a consistent solidarity. Let a left-wing book be written and it is assured of a shower of saccharine reviews. Let a left-winger get into difficulty and all the others stampede to his defense. The reason?—Liberals simply do not apply the same eclectic tests for conformity that conservatives do. But they have one goal which effectively unites them and which overrides their minor differences. That common denominator is the subordination of individual freedom to State domination. They all work with one accord for State ownership, State operation, State control of power, transportation, communication, medicine, education—in short, of everything. That is the conformity which basically unites them.

One of the reasons that NATIONAL REVIEW is so important to the body of conservative opinion is that it is nonconformist. Its editors have applied the goad to some of my sacred cows and, almost surely, to some of yours. Yet we know where they stand, inflexibly, on the fundamental subjects of Liberty versus Marxism, and of the relationship of man to his Creator.

Tonight, on behalf of the Committee of Sponsors—both those of us who are here and those who by reason of living at a great distance or for other causes are unable to be here—on behalf of all of us, we salute this small company of men and women, the editors and staff of NATIONAL REVIEW, who encourage us and delight us as they lay about them with lath or broadsword, as the target of the occasion may warrant. I don't know how we ever managed without them. May their enthusiasm continue to flourish and may their voices be ever more widely heard.

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One thousand guests attended the Dinner given by the Committee of Sponsors for the Editors of National Review, *celebrating the Fifth Anniversary of the publication. At the dais from left to right: Dr. W. Glenn Campbell, Irving Ferman, George S. Schuyler, Dean Clarence Manion, Dr. Ruth Alexander, Reuben Maury, Mons. John Costello, Sir Arnold Lunn, John Chamberlain, James Jackson Kilpatrick. Frank S. Meyer, George E. Sokolsky, William A. Rusher, Adm. Lewis L. Strauss, William F. Buckley Jr., Gov. Charles Edison, Priscilla L. Buckley, Marvin Liebman, L. Brent Bozell, Adm. Ben Moreell, James Burnham, M. Stanton Evans, Fulton Lewis Jr., Roger A. Moore, Howard Phillips, William I. Nichols, Eugene Lyons, Spruille Braden, Cdr. Frederick Reinecke, James L. Wick, Edward Hunter, Max Yergan, Roy M. Brewer. (Out of sight: Julius Epstein, E. Victor Milione, Donald Russell, Devin A. Garrity, Martin B. McKneally, Stanley K. Hornbeck, William Mullendore.)*

Governor Charles Edison telling an engrossing story of how FDR got him to accept Secretaryship of the Navy

George Sokolsky and Admiral Strauss exchange imperious glances. Bill Rusher gets out of the way.

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SIR ARNOLD LUNN: ". . . your American congressman chided me on England's lack of opportunity, citing the House of Lords. I told him: on the contrary, there is greater opportunity in England. For the talented, we have the House of Commons; for the untalented, the House of Lords."

M. STANTON EVANS, *Editor, Indianapolis News*: ". . . the word-spinners of the Left have so befogged our moral senses, and so clouded our intellects, that the natural piety of the people has been undone. It is no longer enough to depend on instinctive conservatism; we need word-spinners — grasshoppers — of our own."

HOWARD PHILLIPS, *President, Harvard Student Council*: ". . . the political Left has been successful because they have talked the loudest and the longest; they have fought for their philosophy on all fronts. We must do the same for ours. . . . Fortunately, more and more of us are beginning to wake up and say what we think—it is absolutely necessary."

WILLIAM A. RUSHER: ". . . Not for nothing have we come this far; not for nothing the countless sacrifices, the sheer unremitting effort. . . . I am happy to be able to give you tonight the pledge I am sure you would rather hear than any other: that with your help and God's, *National Review* is here to stay."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN: ". . . the professors, almost in a body, are people whose ideas were set in the thirties. They are still New Dealers. But the undergraduates, 'new' radicals, do not regard their faculty advisers as founts of wisdom. Many of them, you see, have been reading *National Review*."

FRANK S. MEYER: ". . . It is not for temporal success that we are promised that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against us. We can only know that we fight for the right. But the possibility of temporal victory is taking shape; the weapons are being forged; the issue rests in our stamina and courage."

JAMES BURNHAM: ". . . An articulate public voice was needed to say that the easy seductions of today's welfare state can be transformed into tomorrow's regimented tyranny; to record the decay of the standards of public discussion and conduct that has set in under the faltering sway of a jerry-built Establishment."

L. BRENT BOZELL: ". . . A law of equalization seems to have set in during the political campaign whereby the moment a gap is opened by a statement of one of the candidates, it is immediately closed by a retraction or a matching statement of the other."

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.: ". . . We are all of us in one sense out of spirit with history. . . . But ours is the ultimate gratification. I believe Mr. Hoover and General MacArthur and Admiral Strauss are happier men than they would be had they taken a different course when the tidal wave roared up before them."

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Priscilla L. Buckley and Aloise Heath . . . no mention tonight of overdue Heath mss.

Mr. and Mrs. Garry Wills, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Neil McCaffrey, the back of Morrie Ryskind's head, and a profile view of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and Bill Buckley

J. J. Kilpatrick, Howard Phillips, John Kreuttner, Mrs. J. K., Mrs. Michael Mooney and a small part of Michael M.

Faith and Jim McFadden —about to swallow

PARTY CANDIDS

New Leader *editor Sol Levitas, aboard as a Voltairean gesture, and Marvin Liebman, chief impresario of the Anniversary Dinner*

Commander Frederick Reinecke, WFB, James Burnham and PLB lining up to walk to the dais. One guest remarked: "Never have so many individualists submitted to so much regimentation so submissively."

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The Poet
Editor, Richmond News Leader

Ode to National Review

Upon the Occasion of Its Fifth Anniversary

Delivered with Both Pomp *and* Elegance
New York City, October 27, 1960

I

O let us contemplate, my friends, upon this festive night,
The darkness that we used to know, out on the lonesome right.
The magazines we read were few, the books were fewer still,
We were down to *Reader's Digest,* when along came Bill.

The Lib'rals were in clover, they could feast upon the *Nation,*
Grave *Harper's* and *Atlantic* sang in tintinnabulation;
Backwards came the gospel, in the prose of Henry Luce,
The verbs all running *Time*style, like a southward-bound cabuce.
James Wechsler kept them *Posted* on McCarthy's many crimes,
And weekly came the final word, the Sunday *New York Times.*

Conservatives had nothing in this flood of gauzy flotsam,
Save a few redeeming essays sent from Irvington-on-Hotsam.
Then came Autumn, Fifty-five. Against this pinkish hiew
Arose the bold blue banner of the NATIONAL REVIEW!
Nothing here was weak or wan; no, nothing here was pale;
In brassy accents came the voice of *God and Man at Yale.*
Athwart the leftward stream it stood, a brawny traffic cop,
And loud above the din was heard a voice a'yelling "Stop!"
Conservatives pricked up an ear. In right-wing galleries
Applause arose for Brother Bill and Sister Alleries.
Kendall took the Liberal Line, Inquisitor Pro Tem
While Kirk shook all the apples in the groves of academe.
Chamberlain was on that crew that started out so well,
And at the outset rose the voice of Burnham and Bozell.

II

Five years have brought some changes to this journal of opinion
But yet one finds it still is there, still leading with its chinion.
It combats the liberal pi'zen, it provides an antidotry,
And to confound its readers, why, it even offers po'try.
With arrows sharp, its shafts provoke a frequent bloody howl
Especially when they find a mark in Adam Clayton Powl.
Down with the welfare state, it cries! Preserve an honest dollar;
Cleave to the Right, keep taxes low, and surely it will follar
That free men all will rally 'round, provide the final push
To topple tyrants from their thrones, Fidel, Kadar, and Khrusch!

So let us raise our glasses high, full till they overfilla
To Rusher, Meyer, and Mabel Wood, McFadden and Priscilla.
Ring out, wild bells, let there resound an optimistic tocsin.
All is not lost, let us be sure, for Richard Milhous Nocsin.
For if the Kennedys should win, though sad would be our luckleys,
They'd find themselves quite overcome, outnumbered by the Buckleys.

Fellow dinosaurs, unite! Regard this masterstroke:
Five years our journal has survived, and hasn't yet gone broke!
Yea, five years has it flourished well; our hat is off, we doff it,
And pray that in the years ahead, perchance will come a proffit.
We see tonight, here in this hall, amid a happy clamor,
An hour that prompts this laureate to put aside his gramor,
And mark a proud and happy fact, not legend and not myth:
Tonight the NATIONAL REVIEW at last has took the Fyth!

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

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A Yankee Looks at Marxism

WILL HERBERG

Of the writing of books on Marxism, there is no end: but Clinton Rossiter has attempted to write a new kind of book on Marxism. With some qualifications, I must report that he has succeeded remarkably well. Books on Marxism have generally been of three kinds. They have been presentations and apologies by Marxists, semi-Marxists, or crypto-Marxists; sharp denunciations by anti-Marxists (themselves often ex-Marxists); or academic analyses by scholars, designed to reveal the structure and implications of Marxist thought. Mr. Rossiter's work (*Marxism: The View from America,* Harcourt, $6.75) does not fall exactly into any of these classes, though it shares something of the quality of each.

Mr. Rossiter has a high regard for Marx as a thinker of genius; he is a convinced anti-Marxist; and he is certainly a scholar in the best academic tradition. But his purpose in this book is not to eulogize, or to condemn, or even to elaborate a conceptual analysis; his purpose is to confront the strange entity known as "Marxism" with the perhaps even stranger reality known as the "American tradition," and to lay bare their radical incompatibility. He acknowledges that his understanding of Marxism is that of an outsider; "even in my most hypercritical sophomore days," he says, "I had never heard . . . the seductive call of the Left." Of the American tradition, on the other hand, his view is that of an insider. This special stance, from within the American tradition looking outward upon Marxism, is what gives this book its characteristic form and direction.

Neither for "Marxism" nor for the "American tradition" does Mr. Rossiter find it necessary to give a precise definition. By the former, he says he means "that protean body of principles, assumptions, warnings, hopes, slogans, dogmas, and prophecies" emanating from Karl Marx and Frederich Engels, and elaborated by the "hard" school of the Leninist-Stalinist succession. By the latter ("American tradition"), he means "that less extensive but no less influential body of principles and aspirations which have guided the conduct of our political and social affairs since the founding of the Republic." This calculated vagueness has its pitfalls, but it does permit Mr. Rossiter to deal with the "isms" in their historical context and development rather than as mere ideological abstractions. Significantly, Marxism emerges in far clearer outlines than the American tradition, which is characterized as a "casual blend of conservatism and liberalism," a deeply conservative tradition whose content is a continuing Lockean liberalism. Readers will here recognize Mr. Rossiter's particular brand of "conservatism," and will judge accordingly.

The confrontation between Marxism and the American tradition, so defined, is carefully worked out in the body of the book. Mr. Rossiter writes a clear and forceful English, and allowing for the initial vagueness of definition, there is never any question as to what he means. Equally clear are his conclusions. The conflict between Marxism and the American tradition, he declares, is radical and irreconcilable. It centers around three points: 1) "the head-on collision of monism [monolithism] and pluralism"; 2) "the head-on collision of collectivism and individualism"; and 3) "the not quite head-on, yet resounding enough collision of radicalism with conservatism and liberalism." Marx, he believes, was an intellectual giant from whom we can still learn, but Marx's thinking, often contradictory and incoherent, has contributed, both directly and indirectly, to the kind of thing twentieth-century totalitarianism has turned out to be. Early Marxism may indeed have intended to be libertarian and humanistic, he admits, but its own inner logic, compounded with the dialectic of history, has transformed it into the totalistic ideology of a movement and a regime intent on destroying whatever is truly human and free in man. This bare listing of conclusions does no justice to the richness and insight of Mr. Rossiter's analysis, so astonishing in one who is after all viewing his material from the outside; but it will perhaps serve to indicate in what way Mr. Rossiter fulfills his own stated purpose. It is, indeed, an impressive performance.

Yet questions remain. Is it quite right to let historical success decide so absolutely which brand of Marxism is most truly Marxist? Granted that Bolshevism is indeed in the legitimate succession of the Marxism of Marx; is one therefore justified in virtually ignoring Rosa Luxemburg and Georg Lukacs, for example, as Marxist thinkers, just because they did not triumph in competition with Lenin or Stalin? On the other side, is it really possible to define the American tradition, however vaguely, without even mentioning Alexander Hamilton, who was a statesman of the first order, and whose impact on the long-run continuities of American life has been as profound and lasting as that of any of the Founding Fathers? Would Mr. Rossiter want us to draw the appropriate conclusions from evaluations and omissions of this kind?

A sharper criticism must be levelled against Mr. Rossiter's concluding speculations about "hopes of an evolution in Communism that would make it possible for East and West

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to live together in a reasonably peaceful world." These "hopes" seem to me to be quite delusive. What we are in for is not a "peaceful world," but a "hundred years war," varying from time to time in intensity, scope, and overt manifestation—but a war implacable and irreconcilable nevertheless, as Mr. Rossiter's own analysis goes so far to show. Mr. Rossiter holds out the possibility, the "hope," that the apocalyptic fury of Marxism may abate with time, and leave nothing but a few empty formulas; and he brings forward the case of Islam to make his point. But Islam ceased to be a threat to the West only after almost a *thousand years* of continuous warfare, and certainly not as a consequence of a philosophy of "peaceful coexistence." Mr. Rossiter's speculations about the gradual erosion of Communist apocalypticism reflect rather the routine dogmas of Liberalism (with a capital "L") than the realities which Mr. Rossiter knows so well how to assess.

The most fundamental problem that emerges from Mr. Rossiter's exploration is the question of what we are to confront the total ideology of Communism with in the great conflict of our age. Communism—Marxism—is totalistic in its very nature, as Mr. Rossiter frequently emphasizes; it is at once a metaphysic, an economic doctrine, a social philosophy, and a revolutionary political program, all fused into a dynamic para-religion making a total claim and promising total salvation. Can we answer this challenge with a political counter-religion, the "religion of democracy"? But democracy "religionized" ceases to be democratic at all, for our very conception of democracy is that of a limited, constitutional, loose-jointed system of political accommodation in a complex pluralistic society. We have to meet the challenge of Communism on various levels with piecemeal answers, reserving our total and unlimited commitment to the ultimate level of religious faith. Mr. Rossiter says as much, negatively; within the scheme of his book, he cannot go further. But we can and must, or else we have nothing to fight with and no victory to win.

But the chief shortcoming of Mr. Rossiter's work is the consequence of the inherent limitations of his standpoint, although it is this standpoint that gives the book its strength. For within the perspective of the American tradition, it is not possible to see Marxism for what it ultimately is: a radically secularized *Heilsgeschichte*, an immanent eschatology turned into a demonic utopia. To grasp the meaning of Marxism on this level, not the categories of the American tradition, but the metahistorical categories of a philosophy (or theology) of history such as Eric Voegelin's are necessary.

Fiction

The Edge of the Precipice

JOAN DIDION

"*Draw your chair up close to the edge of the precipice and I'll tell you a story,*" Scott Fitzgerald once wrote, and he might have been speaking for all of America's best storytellers, before and since. The edge of the moral precipice is peculiarly American territory, seldom frequented by English novelists; give an Englishman Hester Prynne and he will lose no time in marrying her off to a widowered Salem apothecary, not a brilliant match, but secure, and a distinctly good catch for a proposition of such pronounced eccentricity. Although this unshakable English predilection

for social realism has been responsible in recent years for some monumentally uninteresting fiction (consider any novel by C. P. Snow, or for that matter by E. M. Forster), it has during the past ten years produced at least one brilliant, nervously engaging work: that private *recherche du temps perdu*, Anthony Powell's *The Music of Time*.

The Music of Time is, so far, five novels. The first, *A Question of Upbringing*, appeared in 1951; the fifth, *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant* (Little, Brown, $4.00), this autumn. The *ambiance* in this latest novel is London in the mid-thirties, when everything was a little dislocated and everybody talked about the Abdication and the Spanish Civil War:

> "I think both sides are odious," said Priscilla. "Norah backs the Reds, like Erry. She and Eleanor Walpole-Wilson have got a picture of La Pasionaria stuck up on the mantelpiece of their sitting room. I asked them if they approved of shooting nuns."
>
> St. John Clarke's expression suggested absolute neutrality on that point.
>
> "The tradition of anti-clericalism in Spain goes back a long way, Lady Priscilla," he said, "especially in Catalonia."
>
> Roddy Cutts had no doubt been studying Spanish history too, because he said: "You will find an almost equally unbroken record of Royalism in Navarre, Mr. Clarke."
>
> "I haven't been to Spain in years," said Lady Warminster, in her low musical voice, scarcely speaking above a whisper. "I liked the women better than the men. Of course they all have English Nannies."

There is across everything that happens in *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant* an almost impenetrable patina of conversation; we know only what one character can tell, or imply, to another. All the dislocations—the suicides, the miscarriages, the infidelities—go on between the acts, and must almost be inferred. Because the *leitmotif* here is marriage, Mr. Powell exposes the raw surfaces (but only the surfaces) of perhaps half a dozen marriages in various stages of precarious adjustment and suspended disintegration. One marriage dissolves; its dissolution indirectly strengthens another, and a partner in that one asks at a party: "Is it fun to be married to anyone? Not to sleep with them, to talk to them, or go about with them. To be *married*

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to them. I have been married a couple of times and I sometimes begin to doubt it."

That is about as close as we ever get to the heart of the matter, but what all the obliquity finally does is trace rather meticulously the numberless nerves that make up the ganglia of marriages. To apprehend the real power of *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant,* its intense evocation of time, it is necessary to go back to *A Question of Upbringing,* and to watch Mr. Powell beginning to search out the figure in the carpet, discovering that it is woven of such minor threads as regret, boredom, absurdity. He could scarcely have been more explicit about his intention than he was in that first novel, and each novel since has been another intricate step in that image:

> The image of time brought thoughts of mortality: of human beings . . . moving hand in hand in intricate measure: stepping slowly, methodically, sometimes a trifle awkwardly, in evolutions that take recognizable shape: or breaking into seemingly meaningless gyrations, while partners disappear only to reappear again, once more giving pattern to the spectacle: unable to control the melody, unable, perhaps, to control the steps of the dance.

If Anthony Powell is the kind of writer people have in mind (and unless they are such advanced cases that nothing but *Barchester Towers* will do, he probably is) when they mutter why-doesn't-anybody-write-real-novels-about-real-people-anymore, James Purdy is the kind of writer who moves them to mutter it. He comes by his role as irritant partly because he is a writer of fairly simple mind, partly because he is a dazzling stylist, frequently undone by his own legerdemain. The clincher, if one is needed, is that his favorite vein is surrealism, the taste for which is certainly non-transferable, and quite as inexplicable to those who do not share it as a passion for old George Raft movies on television, or a craving for Coca-Cola in the mornings. Even among participants, the taste is unpredictable. Although I continue to press remaindered copies of Terry Southern's surrealist *Flash and Filigree,* for example, upon acquaintances who continue to think it an extraordinary aberration on my part, I found Mr. Purdy's much-praised *Malcolm* so tiresome as to be largely unreadable.

His new book, *The Nephew* (Farrar, $3.95), is another case altogether. What happens in it, and nothing much does, happens between Memorial Day of one year and Memorial Day of the next, in Rainbow Center, a small Midwestern town that seems, in Mr. Purdy's hands, as washed with light and devoid of detail as a street in an Edward Hopper painting. There in Rainbow Center, Alma Mason and her brother Boyd, both in their seventies, wait for word about their nephew, Cliff, missing in action in Korea. Increasingly obsessed by Cliff, Alma begins to gather facts for a "memorial" to him—"the *formal* facts about him. What other people saw and knew about him. His academic record and so on." She talks to neighbors, friends, a teacher. She finds out at once more and less than she had bargained for, but What Alma Finds Out About Cliff is scarcely enough to explain the peculiar fascination of *The Nephew.*

Now this search, or quest, is something of an *idée fixe* with Mr. Purdy; everyone in most of his stories is looking for something, trying to find something out, and I am afraid that it is always something like who-am-I? who-was-he? who-are-any-of-us? As you may have guessed by now, Mr. Purdy is not to be counted on for the startling *aperçu,* for the stunning inductive connection, and it usually works out that he is saying something about the impossibility of Knowing Anybody. The remarkable thing about *The Nephew* is that, despite this fairly basic handicap, it is a sure, spellbinding, chillingly good little novel, an uncanny triumph of matter over mind. Like Mr. Purdy's far more surrealist *63: Dream Palace, The Nephew* compels by the sheer brilliance of its telling—but you had best draw your chair up to the edge of the precipice, because there's no widowered apothecary in sight.

British 'Tycoons'

SIR SHANE LESLIE

Until recently British life was pervaded by giant characters, whom Americans would call tycoons but who on examination would be found to be not only wealthier and more powerful, but vastly more popular than their American parallels. Such would be the late Lord Lonsdale, the late Aga Khan and the late Lord Derby. All three rose to super-popularity as sportsmen or racehorse owners. But each was utterly distinct from any other human. Incidentally, Lord Derby once told me that the Aga Khan was his *bête noire* on the Turf: in fact he had tried to keep him out of the Jockey Club as his wealth had harmed the great British sport.

Lord Derby, descended from Shakespearean scenes of history, has been indiscreetly, but of course the more readably, recorded by Randolph Churchill (*Lord Derby,* Putnam, $7.50). As the head of the Stanleys, a Derby could do no ill. We are told in a frank moment that Uncle Henry, the Fifteenth Earl, was expelled from Eton "supposedly for kleptomania"! This information would ruin most cadets but this noble Earl then tried Rugby School and Cambridge and at the age of twenty-eight was tried by Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, for the Cabinet!

His nephew, the Seventeenth, played a big part during the First War but found the intrigues of statesmen trying. In veering between them he himself acquired the nickname of "genial Judas," especially in relation to General Spears who had survived to read that he was dismissed as useless except for bravery, "but what else is a soldier useful for?"

There is a champion letter which Derby wrote to Lord Curzon: "I have always known you to be a cad. I now know that you are a liar." This gem of diplomatic English was toned down next morning as perhaps a bit too strong! Derby did not mind what he said to King or commoner, and they liked him for it. He even tried to prevent King George bullying his sons and frightening them

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Five Years of Books

by National Review Contributors

The happy coincidence of our Fall Book Number with our Fifth Anniversary Number prompts us to print below as complete a list as we have, with reasonable diligence, been able to assemble of books published by our editors and principal contributors during the past five years. (Had we included, as well, the books of all the others who have written for NATIONAL REVIEW during this period, the list would have been more than twice as long.)

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR., *Up from Liberalism*
JAMES BURNHAM, *Congress and the American Tradition*
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, *The Roots of Capitalism*
WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN, *The Evolution of a Conservative*
FRANK CHODOROV, *The Rise and Fall of Society*
COLIN CLARK, *Conditions of Economic Progress*
DONALD DAVIDSON, *Still Rebel, Still Yankee*
FORREST DAVIS, *West Wind Prevailing* (early 1961)
JOHN DOS PASSOS, *The Great Days; Men Who Made the Nation*
MAX EASTMAN, *Reflections on the Failure of Socialism; Great Companions*
FINIS FARR, *Frank Lloyd Wright, A Biography*
RODNEY GILBERT, *Competitive Coexistence*
F. A. HAYEK, *The Constitution of Liberty*
HENRY HAZLITT, *The Failure of the New Economics; What You Should Know about Inflation*
ROSS J. S. HOFFMAN, *Edmund Burke, New York Agent*
ALISTAIR HORNE, *Return to Power: A Report on the New Germany*
EDWARD HUNTER, *Black Book on Red China; Brainwashing: The Story of the Men Who Defied It*
WILLMOORE KENDALL, *John Locke and the Doctrine of Majority Rule;* (with Austin Ranney) *Democracy and the American Party System*
HUGH KENNER, *The Invisible Poet; Gnomon*
JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK, *The Soveign States; The Smut Peddlers*
RUSSELL KIRK, *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice; Academic Freedom*
SIR ARNOLD LUNN, *Now I See; And Yet So New*
EUGENE LYONS, *Our Secret Allies*
ANDREW LYTLE, *The Velvet Horn; A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories*
GEORG MANN, *The Dollar Diploma*
FRANK S. MEYER, *The Moulding of Communists* (Jan., 1961)
LUDWIG VON MISES, *Theory and History; Epistemological Problems of Economics*
THOMAS MOLNAR, *Bernanos, His Political Thought and Prophecy; The Future of Education*
FELIX MORLEY, *Freedom and Federalism*
EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER, *A Good Time to Be Alive*
NORBERT MUHLEN, *The Incredible Krupps*
GERHART NIEMEYER, *An Inquiry into Soviet Mentality*
WARREN NUTTER, *The Extent of Enterprise Monopoly in the United States, 1899-1939*
MELCHIOR PALYI, *Nationalizations—Ten Years Later*
WILLIAM H. PETERSON, *The Great Farm Problem*
SYLVESTER PETRO, *The Labor Policy of the Free Society; Power Unlimited*
ROBERT PHELPS, *Heroes and Orators*
J. FRED RIPPY, *Globe and Hemisphere; Latin America*
WILHELM ROEPKE, *A Humane Economy*
E. MERRILL ROOT, *Brainwashing in the High Schools*
DAVID NELSON ROWE, *Modern China: A Brief History*
FRANCIS RUSSELL, *Three Studies in Twentieth Century Obscurity*
WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM, *Germany and the East-West Crisis*
MORTIMER SMITH, *A Citizens Manual for Public Schools*
ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPE, *Power and Community; Protracted Conflict*
RALPH DE TOLEDANO, *Lament for a Generation; Day of Reckoning*
DONALD W. TREADGOLD, *Lenin and His Rivals*
ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG, *Education as an Industry;* (with Ralph Ross) *The Fabric of Society*
ELISEO VIVAS, *D. H. Lawrence: The Failure and the Triumph of Art*
RICHARD M. WEAVER, *Composition*
FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN, *Man's Knowledge of Reality*
GARRY WILLS, *Chesterton: Man and Mask* (March, 1961)
KARL WITTFOGEL, *Oriental Despotism*

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like naughty children, an attitude which did not help to unravel the Prince of Wales' complex. The King replied to Derby that he had been frightened of Edward VII, his own father, and was "damned well going to see to it that my children are frightened of me."

Derby was a mediaeval figure. When he joined governments he always flourished his resignation like a blade. Political position was nothing to one whose family had played with the Crown of Greece and the Kingdom of the Isle of Man. At one and the same time he allowed his two sons to occupy places in the Cabinet. Every Tory seat in Lancashire was his to fill. He attended race meetings with as much pomp as knights rode with to tournament. The folk accepted his social sovereignty and his sportsmanship. His three victories in the Derby race were reckoned as splendid as the three won by Edward VII. Not always a political success, he relieved his nervousness by winning doubles on the Course. It was typical that he should win a Derby during the last war and that Winston Churchill should send him congratulations in the midst of the agonies of 1942.

In the First War he condescended to become British Ambassador in Paris, where the French felt honored to hear he was taking lessons in French with more guffaws than tears. Upon his attachés he blew hot and cold, but the French knew him for a great Milord out of the past. He seemed a sign that Europe somehow would continue. Besides a Berlitz vocabulary the new Ambassador was provided by Lord Esher with a pocket guide, of a highly comic character, to the leading French characters. Clemenceau of course was *"capable de tout"* but Joffre was simply described as "Buddha" and Foch as "Cyrano de Bergerac," etc., etc. The publication of this handlist should give any Foreign Office ideas.

Like most British statesmen Derby dipped his fingers into the Irish broth, though cautiously. In the heat of the Sinn Fein troubles he suffered himself to be disguised as "Mr. Edwards" and to approach the Irish leaders wearing tortoiseshell glasses. An ordinary diplomat would have been overwhelmed in ridicule, but not Lord Derby. Whatever he did created respect. He once settled a strike by request while waiting in a railway station. Both sides, unable to come to terms, agreed to accept whatever Derby wrote down by way of compromise. He could continue his journey to London having achieved more than a King or President.

Derby was not the first statesman to approach the Irish *sub rosa*. Compare him with no less than Lord Haldane who, according to Mr. Dudley Sommers' most moving Life (recently published in England by Allen and Unwin) found secret ways to discuss university education with Irish Archbishops. Apparently a university was then a perilous subject in Irish politics, for Haldane was given instructions by the Archbishop of Dublin how to reach the Cardinal at Armagh like a spy. It sounds incredible, but Haldane recorded: ". . . not to give my name to anyone and to change at a small junction and proceed to Armagh by an unusual route. I was to go on foot in the darkness to the Cardinal's residence. I was to inquire the way from women rather than from men as they were less likely to identify me!"

This last sentence shows that Ireland must be different from any country in the world. To dispatch an elderly statesman with a secret plan to ask his way in the dark from unknown women would bring trouble in most countries. It was highly successful in Haldane's case.

Derby and Haldane were types of mighty, pachydermous-looking men, very different intellectually, but both powerful during England's wars to arm and recruit their fellow countrymen to face the most appalling of prospects. One was a great Conservative sportsman, the other a Labor and Liberal Chancellor, but only England could have produced one, or Scotland the other. A study of their two biographies in detailed comparison will enable American students to understand how English history picks itself up on the moral shoulders of such men. America has her "favorite sons," but nothing like the English types who seem to have been evolved from the "primal slime" of feudalism rather than bred in the primaries. On the whole, Randolph has given the Tories the best biography since his father's account of the older Randolph himself.

Recent Poetry

More Than Pretty Music

HUGH KENNER

At the close of his 109th Canto, Ezra Pound looks back (not for the first time) to hail the reader: "You in the dinghy (piccioletta) astern there!" So Dante embarking on the *Paradiso* warns those who bob in the wake with ears only for his song *(O voi che sieta in piccioletta barca)* to turn back while there is time. Whoever on the contrary is avid for new modes of knowledge, and interested in more than the pretty music, is welcome, Dante adds, to follow along. This is, coming from Pound, a perfectly courteous warning. Though the newest sections of his forty years' *magnum opus (Thrones: 96-109 de los cantares,* New Directions, $3.50) blaze with lyric detail—

And was her daughter like that;
Black as Demeter's gown,
eyes, hair?
Dis' bride, Queen over Phlegethon,
girls faint as mist about her? . . .
So slow is the rose to open. . . .

—it is unlikely that anyone who has not been following the enterprise thus far, and with more than one kind of attention, can reap more than fitful reward. Byzantium, the Sheng Yu edict, monetary literacy, St. Anselm, Coke, these are capes in the poem's present sea, their bearings associated with those of a hundred previous landfalls. Even so, for the inexperienced, a few things will come clear, notably the Edict's maxims:

. . . Filiality and fraternity are the root,
Talents to be considered as branches.
Precise terminology is the first implement,
dish and container

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After that the 9 arts.
AND study the classic books,
the straight history
all of it candid.

Or again, "the teacher's job is not / just filling paper with detours."

As with the *Cantos,* so with poetry at large; it is a process, the dialogue of notable minds with their language and their culture, to be apprehended by keeping up, not by awaiting submission of an "end product" for one's inspection. Concern for end products means knowing what you want before you get it, like a man who orders from a catalogue, or like the well-read folk of the 1590s who found so irritating the "upstart crow" who wrote *Romeo and Juliet.*

THUS the availability between covers of half Louis Zukofsky's work-in-progress (*"A" 1—12,* Origin Press, no price listed) is of considerably greater moment than Mr. Auden's *Homage to Clio* (Random House, $3.50), principally because Mr. Zukofsky keeps one's mind filled with new prospects for the language, whereas Mr. Auden after thirty years can barely sustain any longer his standing reputation as one of our most promising poets. Mr. Auden's way of keeping poetry open toward the future, now as in 1933, is to be ingeniously offhand, and on the whole hospitable toward plastics and comfortable plumbing. Thus meditating on the new world's service to the old, he chooses for his focus the installation of an American kitchen (blueprints, electricity, egalitarian luxury) in Lower Austria (ghosts, the hearthstone, noble ladies, Mozart), and then somersaults through seven intricate stanzas of dismal frivolity—

Then surely those in whose creed
God is edible may call a fine
Omelette a Christian deed.

The sin of Gluttony
Is ranked among the Deadly
Seven but in murder mysteries
One can be sure the gourmet
Didn't do it: . . .

—utterly unwilling to reckon whether *anything* is more serious than anything else: "filling paper with detours," in fact. Measure against this fatigue Mr. Zukofsky's continuous interest in what is going on immediately around him: in his newspapers, in the notebooks of the physicists, in the parts of his racial history that are immediate to him, in the delicately interwoven sensibilities of his wife and son. Fed by this interest, he can invest aphorisms with fecund tranquility—

Rabbi Pinhas: It teaches a man.
There is no one who is not
every minute
Taught by his soul.
A disciple: If that is so
Why does it not rule?
Rabbi Pinhas: The soul teaches,
It never repeats.

The long poem called *"A"* has been in progress 32 years; late passages are as good as early.

Or consider the staccato curiosity of Jonathan Williams, who can blow "Homage to Catullus" on a cool trumpet (with daft modulations from "Ecce!" to "o.k."), and not only imagine Walt Whitman being installed in the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown but compose a brief ode for the occasion. (Such tasks were not beneath Pindar's dignity.) His *The Empire Finals at Verona* (Jargon, $2.50) is a large comfortable quarto delivered from the typographic curse that renders poets' pages grey to the eye by Fielding Dawson's jolly collages. It opens with a cameo "Credo":

I do
dig Everything Swinging (thinking

as I do:
ah, art
is fro-

zen Zen)

and achieves wonderfully bland satiric vignettes, like "The Unclean Getaway":

my boy . . . this may
mean the Presidency, a simple

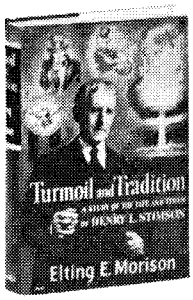
game of golf—'the gulf
of one's final
concern',

bridged by an af-
ternoon, trudgingly

democratic, clubbed
per aspera, ad

cetera,
etc.

The manner in which text is whimsically wedded to decoration defies



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description. On this particular page, dwarfing the Capitol dome, a golfball riding its tee like a long-stemmed champagne glass toasts a superbly indifferent dusky chain-smoker, across whose snap-brim rides a chaos of headlines.

The engaging quality of these pages stems from Mr. Williams' refusal to take his own poetry more seriously than it deserves. Publishing the books of others he has for some years taken very seriously indeed; his care to keep them from looking like a row of Wheaties boxes has resulted in some of the most handsome, least pretentious volumes of verse since the heyday of the Cuala Press: Unlike the work of the Parisian little presses of the twenties, they do not stink of the luxury trade. Robert Creeley's *A Form of Women* (Jargon, $1.50) is a good specimen. It isn't the best Creeley, which is still to be found in *The Whip* (1957). The poet has virtually abandoned his often miraculous control of spoken American for dream-like spells articulated in loose quatrains of which he seems not yet quite to have discovered the secret. Now and then the feat wholly comes off:

If you wander far enough
you will come to it
and when you get there
they will give you a place to sit
for yourself only, in a nice chair,
and all your friends will be there
with smiles on their faces
and they will likewise all have
places.

This poem, like many of Mr. Creeley's, turns on its title, which is "Oh No." For all its enigmatic and transitorial quality, *A Form of Women* is very likely one of the books for which everyone will be combing secondhand lists in ten years. Its author is one of the very few contemporaries with whom it is essential to keep one's acquaintance current.

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Huck Among the Doctors

ROBERT Y. DRAKE JR.

NEXT TO Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn," *Huckleberry Finn* has been the subject of more ingeniously and misleading and downright nonsensical criticism than any other "classic" of English and American literature. The Freudians have had their innings, notably in Leslie Fiedler's "Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey!"—an essay which surely represents one of the high (or low, if you prefer) watermarks in "provocative" literary criticism. In Mr. Fiedler's recently published *Love and Death in the American Novel,* his thesis that Huck and Jim's relationship is in some measure a "homoerotic" one has been applied so unstintingly and so "successfully" to other masculine relationships in American fiction as almost to result in the promulgation of a new theory of the American novel.

The better side of Liberalism has been represented by Lionel Trilling's graceful and perceptive essay on the novel in *The Liberal Imagination,* which bears down hard on Huck's "immoral" morality. But Mr. Trilling, as well as many less distinguished critics, is somewhat wanting when it comes to seeing Huck as a product of complex Southwestern society, still governed, as a rule, by its sanctions, though questioning them in particular instances. Huck, of course, has been exploited by romanticists, of whatever persuasion, who would see in him the archetypal rebel, defying all authority—of the family, of the community, and finally of God Himself. He has, also, been embraced by reformers because of the judgments he often seems to pass on the traditional society of the Southwest—with its "outmoded" beliefs in the supremacy of God and the unworthiness of man and its "unenlightened" commitment to a double standard, both sexually and racially.

The most persuasive defense of the novel's Southwestern orientation has been that of Bernard De Voto, himself a product of the Great West, who, in *Mark Twain's America,* gave the sturdily provincial horselaugh to

Van Wyck Brooks' effetely "cosmopolitan" thesis that Mark Twain's "tragedy" was the inhibition of his artistic proclivities by some of the very things the Southwest stood for—notably, Puritanism. Just now, I understand, Huck is in bad odor with the New York public school system because he seems to give tacit assent to certain "racial prejudices," which, for many people, have become synonymous with the recognition of any racial differences at all. In short, it seems as though the critics have been able to find almost anything they want in the novel; and it is fast becoming for many of them a key to all mythologies.

As one who grew up almost on the banks of the Great River, I can assure them that they are misleading the Southwest as it appears in the novel and are therefore led into making injudicious observations about what *seem* its gross moral in-

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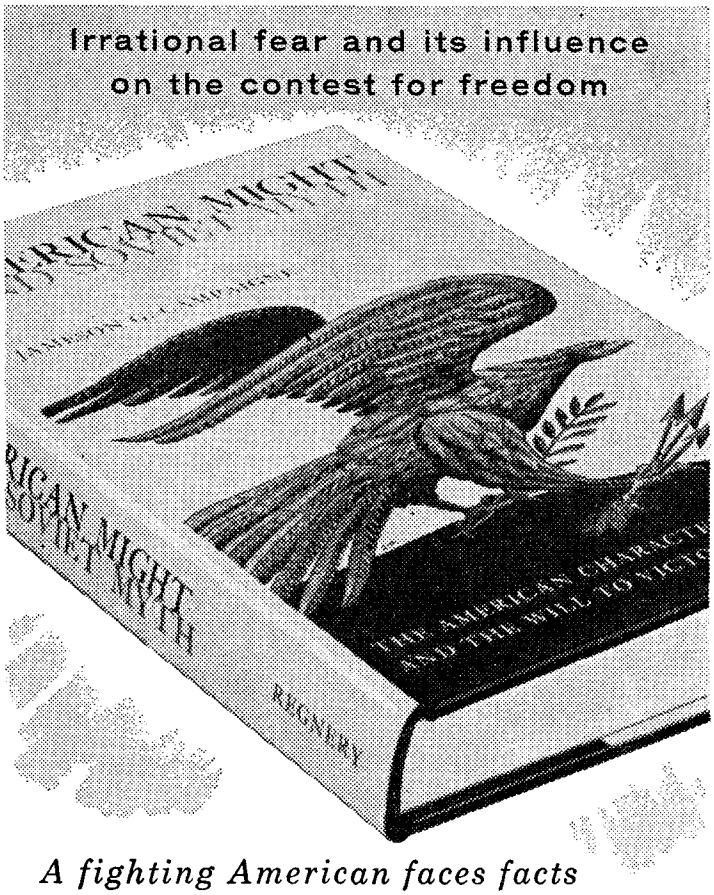
consistencies. For the society of the Southwest was itself founded on the intuitive apprehension that paradox inevitably lies at the heart of reality. The apparently scandalous paradox of slavery in the midst of a people so historically committed to the quest for freedom was nevertheless grounded, to some extent, in the more realistic "Pauline" paradox of the inexperience of some "lawful" things.

The Widow Douglas, whom some critics read as a sort of reforming busybody, is nevertheless motivated by the very best of intentions in her attempt to "sivilize" Huck—as is Aunt Sally Phelps later on. Huck, who can love Jim so very tenderly, can also reply to Aunt Sally's query as to whether anyone was hurt in the spurious steamboat accident, "No'm. Killed a nigger." Now it is this very sort of thing, this essential paradox which is so offensive to the "either-or" people—English professors, sociologists, "objective" journalists, or whatever they call themselves. And it is indicative of the stubbornness with which this paradox resists simplification that such critics have so often been frustrated in their attempts to whitewash Huck and, in other areas, to make the still unregenerate South (which has succeeded the Old Southwest as the region's name) conform to the "national" pattern.

THE VERY climate and geography of the Southwest confront the beholder with overwhelming paradox. In the summer there is a heat which seems to emanate from the fires of the Lower World itself, and in the winter there is an icy chill which freezes the marrow of the soul. The river itself is both scourge and sanctifier, Judge and Redeemer, as it overflows its banks, leaving death and destruction in its wake but also a rich alluvial deposit to make the land even richer and more productive. The people of the Southwest are a largely Northern people, who, because of various historical accidents, have been left high and dry in the midst of a verdant, sub-tropical region; they are Anglo-Saxons in a hot climate. By temperament indisposed to Latin vivacity, their slow-kindling stolidity, when roused, can take the form of the most fearful animal spirits, capable of being long sustained—whether for a "protracted meeting," an election, or a lynching. Why should they doubt that life is both good and bad, that God is both beautiful and terrible in His Holiness, when beneath the dark green rows of knee-high Delta cotton may lurk the deadly cotton-mouth moccasin—all beneath the blazing Southern sun? And their fiercely Protestant Christianity, whose theology strongly reflects this paradox, persuades them that they do indeed live out their lives *sub specie aeternitatis*.

Such then, is the region Mark Twain writes about; and such are its people. Therefore, the Southwest before the Civil War is, in one sense, scarcely more "tragic" than any other place at any other time. And the obvious paradox of slavery only points



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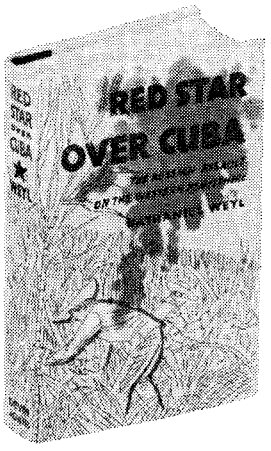

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toward the submerged paradox of a reality which includes sin and death as well as sweetness and light.

It is only Huck's *conscious* and *articulated* apprehension of this paradox which sets him apart from the rest of Southwest society and makes him the real hero of the book. For Huck knows that often in this life you are damned if you do and damned if you don't, as when he somewhat guiltily reflects on his possible responsibility in the King and the Duke's final exit: *"But that's always the way; it don't make no difference whether you do right or wrong, a person's conscience ain't got no sense and just goes for him* anyway. *If I had a yaller dog that didn't know no more than a person's conscience does I would pison him."*

IT IS Huck who knows that though people in a depersonalized mob can often be cruel to one another, individual humans can also be very kind —people as diverse as Mary Jane Wilks, who, says Huck, *"was* the best girl I ever see, and had the most sand," and Buck Grangerford, killed in the feud, who "was mighty good to me."

And it is always with the *individual* that Huck is concerned, never with *society* and *institutions,* which, all too often, degenerate into the mob. (Unlike the sociologist or the "enlightened" legislator, he is not concerned with class or race as such.) His decision to remain silent about Jim's whereabouts and consequently *"go* to hell" reflects not the least moral qualm about slavery as an institution. The traditions of aristocracy and chivalry may seem foolish and meaningless, as indeed they are when they become ends and not means; but that does not blind Huck to their essential grace and charm—nor to the merits of the individual Grangerfords, whom he greatly admires. Though institutionalized religion is often made to seem ridiculous, as it is in the camp meeting scene, what is it that really sustains Huck when he is "full of trouble"? It is his knowledge of "One that's always on the lookout and ain't a-going to allow no such miserable doings to go just so fur and no further"; it is, finally, his Puritan conscience.

In Huck we see the Old Southwest articulate. And because he so perfectly reflects—nay, affirms—the complex ethos which he *seems* to rebel against, he has that ring of paradoxical truth, that roundness which makes a fictional character real. But the critics must take him as he is—and the Southwest along with him: fierce and tender, lusty and reverent, defiant and obedient, profane and God-fearing. Anyone who has really known the Great River and its Valley will speak of them with piety. I urge, finally, this same piety on the critics of *Huckleberry Finn.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

TURMOIL AND TRADITION, by Elting E. Morison (Houghton, $7.50). Born into a prosperous New York family of impeccable social standing, Henry Stimson ran the *cursus honorum* through Andover, Yale and Harvard Law; spent a cool five and a half years reconciling his father to his intended bride (she waited); and then let his old law partner and lifelong mentor, Elihu Root, quarterback him into a series of lofty government jobs—Secretary of War under Taft, State under Hoover, etc. Stimson never showed really top form above the timberline, however, and the very highest peaks always eluded him. In 1940, when Stimson was 72, FDR conned him into serving as a tame Republican in his cabinet (Secretary of War again), and thereby gave him a slightly belated prestige among Liberals, as well as a sort of second-row seat at World War II. Professor Morison plays it straight in this rather obviously "authorized" biography, telling the whole story and wisely not trying to glamorize his subject. What one thinks of Stimson is essentially a matter of taste. Was he a conscientious public servant, or merely a rather dull man? Perhaps he was both. W. A. RUSHER

KISHI AND JAPAN, by Dan Kurzman (McDowell, Obolensky, $5.95). In 1941 Nobusuke Kishi, Minister of Commerce and Industry for the Empire of Japan, set his name in delicate calligraphy to a declaration of war against the United States. Nineteen years later the same man, now Prime Minister of Japan, committed political hara-

(Continued on p. 327)

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To the Editor

Manners, British and American

Thank you for William F. Buckley Jr.'s "The Ordeal of Kenneth Tynan" [October 22].

In Tynan's account of the "indignities" he suffered at the hands of congressional investigators, I noticed his statement that he was English and had been forming opinions all his life without concern for their coinciding with those of the President of U.S. He must have been very young during War II, when Englishmen did not lightly disagree with our President. Even so, he must have read Churchill's account of those times.

We might send him Kipling's "American Rebellion"—in reverse: "Not 'til their foes were driven forth —did they remember what they owed to freedom and were bold." The ingratitude of those we helped makes one doubt the efficacy of our whole aid program. Indeed, it is a disturbing thought that during those dark days young Mr. Tynan may even have benefited from one of my own bundles for Britain. . . .

Flemington, N. J. ELIZABETH MANNING

Although I never have taken much interest in Kenneth Tynan's writings or his opinions, I fully agree with those expressed in the article of his you criticize. It is outrageous that a foreign writer of standing should be affronted in such fashion in this country.

And I should like to say that, although I have lived many years in England, I never yet have heard anything that sounded like "Amedican." I assume that you prefer the pronunciation of the average American —"Amurrican," or perhaps "Ammurkan." . . .

Providence, R. I. MARC T. GREENE

Is There a Difference?

It was surprising to note the readiness with which NATIONAL REVIEW seems to have accepted the ratings of the ACA Index ["There Is A Difference—Back Home," November 5], which purports to prove that (despite the lack of difference between the standardbearers of the two parties) Republican Senators and Congressmen are really much more conservative, in general, than their Democratic colleagues.

But, as the *Independent American* newspaper points out, the ACA Index achieved this effect by the omission, from its tabulations, of votes on most of the issues that would clearly divide the true Constitutionalist from the supporter of "moderation."

For example, with respect to foreign aid, the ACA Index records votes on proposals to increase, limit, or slightly decrease foreign aid, but does not record any votes on the bill for the authorization of foreign aid, which is actually the most significant foreign aid bill of all, since votes on this bill indicate approval or disapproval of the principle of foreign aid.

The ACA Index records no votes on such vital issues as the NATO Conference, which indicates the internationalist, one-world leanings of the legislators (the sponsors of the NATO Conference frankly admit that they are aiming, eventually, for world government), nor on such issues as the reciprocal trade agreement, nor on the Antarctic treaty. . . .

Williamstown, Mass. NICHOLAS GOODHUE

Up From Plutocracy

I agree with the opinions of Richard Weaver ["Mass Plutocracy," November 5]. . . . Plutocracy is a good name for the complacent materialistic attitude that has settled upon the American nation, but the important question still remains unsolved—what are we going to do to correct it?

Carthage, Mo. WILLIAM F. POWERS

Unfair to Kennan

There is not an unexpected word in the "unknown lectures" ["The Unknown Lectures of George F. Kennan," October 8] for anyone who has read Kennan's *Soviet-American Relations, 1917-1920* or *The Decision To Intervene*—or followed the real bearing of his published thinking.

I do not know Mr. Kennan and am not a member of his fan club. There are, however, comparatively few people in public life who have over the years a clear, consistent and real (as opposed to purely literary) position

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on great questions, and Kennan is one of them. He should be valued rather than vilified in the NATIONAL REVIEW unless, of course, you are interested only in transient literary postures.

Plainfield, N. J. E. STANLEY GOLDMAN

Secretary of Humor

Robert Schuchman ["The Hundred Days Are Here Again!", November 5] failed to include one name in the filling of open cabinet posts; his own, for Secretary of Humor.

Coral Gables, Fla. ANTONI E. GOLLAN

Old Frontiers

Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's "Europe in the Fall" [October 22] excellently pointed up the complicating factor of German territories east of the Oder-Neisse line in any future dealings between the NATO nations and the Soviet bloc. Western recognition of this frontier would entail violation of the very right the World Wars were allegedly to guarantee—"national self-determination," enunciated by Wilson and confirmed by Roosevelt.

Brooklyn, N. Y. DONALD F. BARRY

The Electoral College

Mr. Henry Hazlitt ["Unrepresentative Government," September 24] had done a great service in pointing out the evils attendant upon our Presidential elections. He states that our Electoral College system has not at all worked out as the Founding Fathers hoped and expected. The blame should not be put on the doorstep of the framers of our Constitution, for we have not chosen our Presidents in accordance with the Constitution for 128 years.

The Constitution provides, "Each state shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature may direct, a number of electors. . . ." "The electors shall meet in their respective states, and vote by ballot for two persons . . . and they shall make a list of all the persons voted for, and of the number of votes for each. . . ."

Amendment XII changed this to provide for separate voting for the President and for the Vice President, but still provided for "the number of votes for each."

The provision, as amended, did not contemplate that the state legislatures would shift their responsibility in the selection of electors to political conventions. Nor did it contain any provision for block voting by states.

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It did expressly provide that the electoral vote of any state might be split between several persons.

Federalist No. 68 clearly shows the reasoning of the Founding Fathers for the plan. If we had followed that plan, no large state would have any undue influence upon the Electoral College vote. No convention, with its "heats and ferments," would have any direct influence upon the choice of a President, and no person would have to sell his soul to gain a nomination or the election. The chances of having a statesman in the White House, rather than a politician, would be immeasurably greater. . . .

Birmingham, Mich. JAMES H. BARRETT

While Mr. Hazlitt's criticism of present methods of choosing and electing the President and Congress is apt, and his suggestions for improvement helpful for discussion, he does not seem to notice that the frame of reference in which some of these suggestions would operate if adopted . . . are contrary to our political tradition.

The Constitution set up a Federal form of government, with divided sovereignty (*i.e.*, authority and jurisdiction) and representing both States and people, to operate on majority decision—not on majority rule, which is quite a different thing. This plan, with its specific provisions, offers a sound method for preventing abuses and usurpation of power in the necessary functions of government, if the people, as Mr. Franklin observed, know how and are willing to keep it. The theory behind it all is the supremacy of rights above government and the people's will, as handed down in the tradition of the English common law and political tradition prior to 1688.

It is true, as Henry Hazlitt points out, that recent Supreme Court decisions have nullified important safeguarding sections, attenuating the substance of the federal form; so far to the good. But he would further attenuate even more the distinctions in representation and to a greater degree nullify the whole theory by substituting a new one, completely alien. And this Mr. Hazlitt seems to espouse when he explains that "true democracy . . . reflects the will of the people in such a way that it [government] can be promptly and peaceably changed whenever it ceases to reflect that will."

This was not the problem which the Founding Fathers studied. They had experience with arbitrary "will" in their long discussion with the English King and Parliament, and wanted no more of the "will" of the ruler of people unchecked. That way leads to the tyranny of which they complained, and which in our day we have seen carried out in the "Peoples' Democracies" of Eastern Europe and Red China, the theory of which is the "sovereign" will of the people handed over in toto to the "sovereign" government with no restrictions on its use by the rulers. . . .

Brooklyn, N. Y. M. R. MADDEN

If Mr. Madden prefers to speak of "majority decision" rather than "majority rule," or "consent of the governed" rather than the "will of the people," I have no quarrel with him. These seem to me semantic choices rather than questions of principle. What Mr. Madden seems to be raising is the immemorial question of majority rule versus minority rights. I have no wish to minimize the great importance of this problem; but its solution lies in proper limitation of the scope of government intervention and government power. It seems to me in large part irrelevant to the institutional or "machinery" reforms that I was suggesting, designed to make political decisions more responsive to public opinion. This goal should not be confused with the even more important problem of how to assure that public opinion itself will be more healthy and enlightened.

New York City HENRY HAZLITT

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John Locke in "Civil Government"

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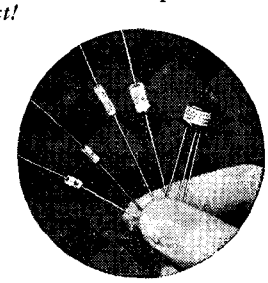

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"Nihilistic" Solution?

James Burnham's article concerning the future of Black Africa [October 22] has helped to dispel the myth that Africa will easily and quickly proceed toward a high level of civilization. A low degree of civilization, of political and social maturity, or realization of the value of men *qua* men may typify contemporary Black Africa, but these factors do not nullify the intrinsic dignity of these peoples—they are men, equal in nature with all others. To remain at "the stage of primitive, pre-civilized barbarism" is not their wish, as is seen in those who are given an opportunity for a good education, and take advantage of this benefit.

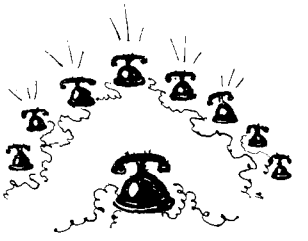
The solution offered for Black Africa, seemingly the only one in which the author seriously believes, *i.e.*, continued "suspension in a primitive, pre-civilized, static tribal frame," is nihilistic, and would prove fatal to all civilization. Reviewing the development of Western Civilization, we find that man has slowly risen from a state of savagery, and today we seriously doubt if he has yet freed himself from this state. Are we to be "superfluous men," and, sadly shaking our heads, turn from the task of sharing our accomplished values with the less fortunate of mankind?

Bloomington, Ind. JEREMIAH L. MURPHY

AMONG OURSELVES

(Continued from page 308)

Staff changes . . . PLB, who quit late in 1957, walked in to say hello in May of '58, was asked to look over a translation of an article on de Gaulle, had to come in the next morning to finish it, and now seems to have taken over as managing editor from Suzanne La Follette, who retired eighteen months ago. Suzanne, whose first magazine job was on Albert Jay Nock's *Freeman*, every now and then threatens to write a book on the little magazines she has been associated with, thus keeping all her best friends and colleagues in a state of terror. (It took the staff about two days after her promotion to discover that Priscilla's glove of velvet concealed a fist of foam rubber). . . . Maureen Buckley, the fifth of Bill's six sisters, was with NR from the start, as "To the Editor" Editor and Answerer, editorial assistant, handler of especially irate subscribers ("Dear Mr. Jones [she once wrote]: Your affairs with NATIONAL REVIEW are so complicated, I suggest the only thing to do is let your subscription lapse and take out another in an assumed name, so that it will not be confused with your present account."); and above all, deflator of editorial egos. In 1958 she got married, and retired to embark upon a population explosion. . . . John Leonard, a Harvard student of Liberal bent and considerable writing ability, took over her editorial chores. His indoctrination was so rapid that, within three weeks of arriving, he was writing plaintively about "the murky metaphysics of Liberalism." . . . . John is gone to finish school in California. . . . Jane Buckley Smith (yes, another sister) took over the letter-answering task; and David Franke, president of every right-wing youth group of which Douglas Caddy is not president, is the editorial assistant.



Which brings us finally to "just a couple of phone calls," which has come to be a catchphrase around here. Bill Buckley has been blessed with a lovely home, a beautiful wife, a charming child; but more than all of these, he is blessed with Gertrude Vogt, secretary and office manager *par excellence,* known around the premises as *"la dieudonnée."* On account of her, nothing seems difficult for Bill. He lives in the happy certainty that given a couple of hours, a couple of phone calls, a little concentration, every problem can be cracked. He rests alone in that serenity. (Once he breezily told Bill Rusher that it would take "just a couple of phone calls" to nail down Carnegie Hall for an anti-Khrushchev rally. Rusher counted. It took 49, plus four personal interviews.) Which reminds me all of a sudden that a few days ago he said to me: "Why don't you write a few lines for the fifth anniversary issue, about this and that around the office? It shouldn't take more than an hour or so."

Resignedly,

P. L. B.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from p. 322)

kiri by insisting on military alliance with the same nation. In that reversal, and in that fall, we may read Japan's history as well as Kishi's. For a decade of ideological chaos has reduced a once militant nation to the basest pacifism. Kurzman's book suggests that the present menace to Japan is not a Communist Party that polls 2 per cent of the vote. It is a faltering intelligentsia and a people who, although anti-Communist, "would prefer to see a Red government in Japan than fight another war." The ominous prospect: neutralism, or absorption into the Communist bloc.

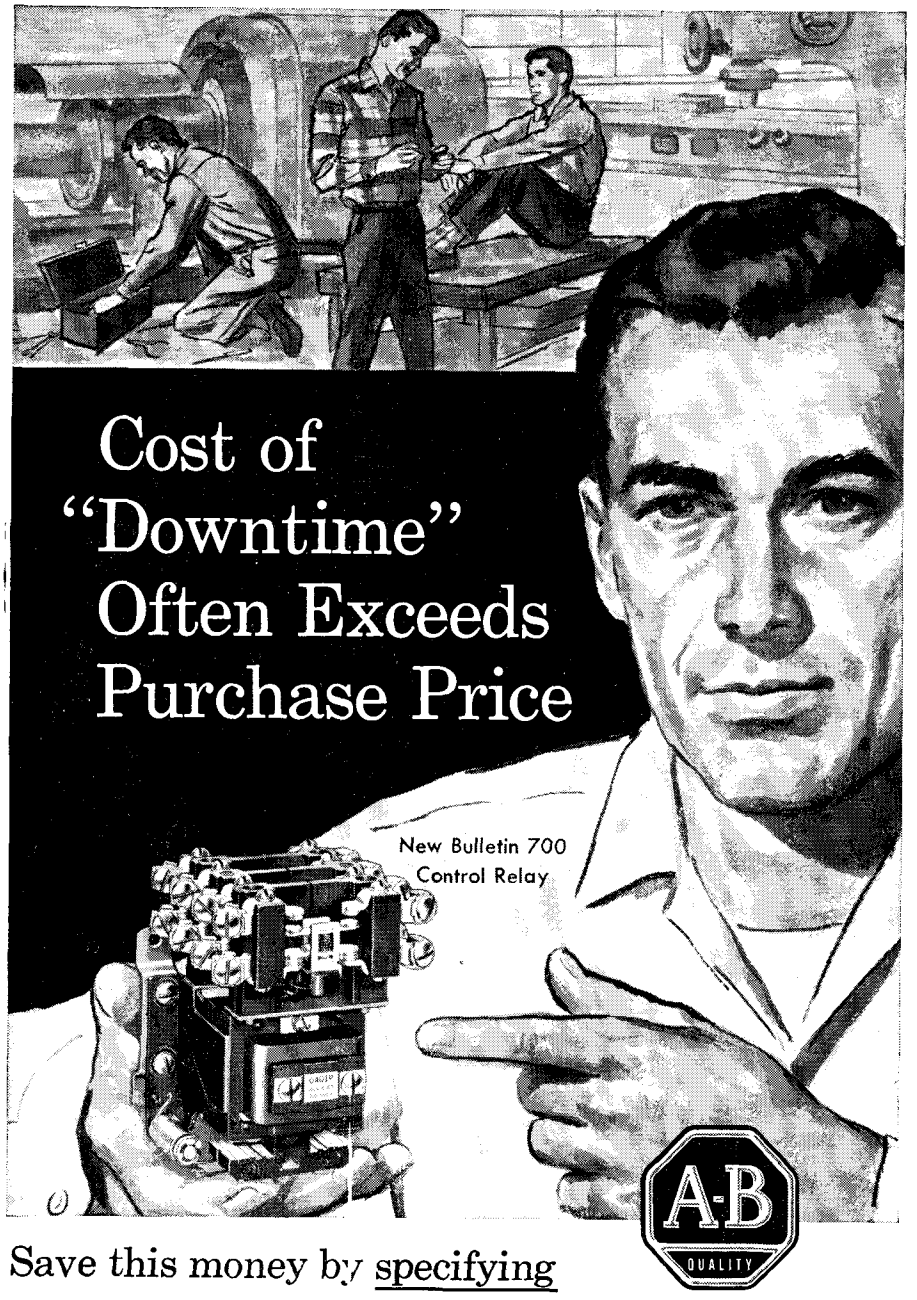
W. SCHULZ

TOURIST IN AFRICA, by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown, $3.75). Scattered reflections, some amusing, some acute, most of them splenetic; the stuff of excellent letters, but—as Carlyle put it—assembled in defiance of the idea known as *book*. The painful suspicion raised by the author's *Gilbert Pinfold* seems to be confirmed: Waugh, whose edged satire gave promise, once, of deepening into tragedy, has now become a highly literate Boythorn, another of the English literary family's eccentric uncles.

G. WILLS

THE WAR: A CONCISE HISTORY, 1939-1945, by Louis L. Snyder (Messner, $7.95). Professor Snyder, as his publishers describe him, is "equally at home in scholarly research and historical popularization." World War II buffs will find his latest work unfortunately more the latter than the former. Its chief contribution to understanding history's most destructive war is an analysis of the prelude to the fighting—a brief, informative outline of the politics and psychology of prewar Europe. Snyder in particular describes the industrial buildup of the Allies, and its effect on the outcome of the struggle. But the war itself—invasions by air, sea and land; retreats, battle plans and strategy—is handled only superficially. The author takes great pains with small details, but without integrating them into the total movement of the conflict. Result: an abundance of trivia, a dearth of significance.

K. THOMPSON



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Is Education Part of America's Secular Religion?

Ernest van den Haag says "yes," in the first issue of *The University Bookman.*

And he comments: "So long as we try to accommodate the overexpanded demand for education without being willing to risk reducing the size of the student body through higher standards, instruction will continue to be turned all too frequently into custodial care which prolongs psychic adolescence. The custodial care is jejune and barely keeps students at room temperature. Nonetheless, it gratifies them temporarily and satisfies their parents. Above all, it receives social approval, implemented by subsidies."

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